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THE
POEMS
OF
J. J. CALLANAN.

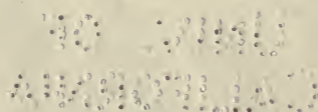
A NEW EDITION,
WITH
A BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

CORK :

MESSRS. BOLSTER, 70, PATRICK-STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.

English Alumnus



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Recluse of Inchidony,	1
Accession of George the Fourth,	23
Restoration of the Spoils of Athens,	33
Revenge of Donal Comm,	38

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gougane Barra,	59
To a Sprig of Mountain Heath,	61
Spanish War Song,	63
Last Song of Henry Kirk White,	64

SONGS AND LYRIC PIECES.

"Si je te perds, je suis perdu,"	66
How keen the pang,	68
To a young Lady on entering a Convent,	69
Lines on a Deceased Clergyman,	70
Lines on the Death of an amiable and highly talented young Man, who fell a victim to fever in the West Indies,	71
And must we part,	73
Pure is the Dewy Gem,	74
To ———,	75
Stanzas,	76
The night was still,	77
Serenade,	78
Rousseau's Dream,	80
Tho' dark fate hath reft me,	81

PAGE.

When each bright star is clouded,.....	82
'Hussa tha measg na realtan more,	83

SACRED SUBJECTS.

The Virgin Mary's Bank,	84
Mary Magdalen,	87
Saul,	88
The Mother of the Maccabees,	89
Moonlight,	91

TRANSLATIONS.

Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear,	95
The Girl I love,	99
The Convict of Clonmel,	101
The Outlaw of Loch Lene,	104
Jacobite Songs,	105
O say my Brown Drimin,	106
The White Cockade,	108
The Avenger,	109
The Lament of O'Gnive,	111
On the Last Day.	114

NOTES.

Notes to the Recluse of Inchidony,	115
Notes to Donal Comm,	118

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. CALLANAN.

THE subject of the following brief notice is alas ! another instance, in addition to the innumerable ones on record, of the premature extinction of worth and genius : we say *premature*, of course, in reference to the wants and wishes of the survivors, rather than to any abridgment of the prospects or the fame of the deceased. All that life is worth living for,—all for which the infirmities and decay of old age ought to be encountered, is sure to have been already grasped and enjoyed by him on whom the gift of “ high-sounding poesy ” has descended ; who cherishes in his bosom the Promethean fire—productive alike of peril and of glory—which throws forth, for others, its vivid creations of beauty, of magnificence, and of tenderness, while it is fast consuming himself. Besides the sensitiveness and irritability incident on poetic genius, amounting in many cases to a morbid character, the very intensity and fervour with which the mind—to use a strong term—*wreaks* itself on the frail and delicate organization of the vehicle that enshrines it, and crowds into brief space whole ages of alternate agony and bliss, must conduce to a rapid waste of the material of mere animal life. There, too, as if what has been enumerated were not enough, often falls on the devoted head and heart of the poet, the cold neglect of the world, and sometimes the stroke of unforeseen calamity, and not unfrequently, the worse than galling pressure of pecuniary difficulties and distress, precipitate the fall of that, which was already tottering on the brink of an early grave :—the cheerless sanctuary of misfortune, scarcely darker than the scowling and bleak wilderness of the world, from which it is the only shelter that

remains to the child of song and sorrow. Next come tears and tributes to his memory ; the idle profusion of kindred genius, the spontaneous out-breaking of sincere regret at his doom, and of admiration for his talents ; perhaps, too, the selfish oblation of whining mediocrity, strewing its artificial flowers, and shedding its hypocritical grief, over the sacred ashes which it vainly hopes will infuse beauty and life into the one, and dignity into the other. To console us for our loss, for the blotting out of so much of the true "light from heaven," and the withering up of so much of earth's intellectual beauty, we obtain an elegy, a sonnet, a sermon, an epitaph ; the literary remains lie scattered perhaps here and there, breathing their fragrance in some obscure corners, exalting the mind, and purifying the affections, of many an unnoticed mourner, who never knew the poet and scarcely heard of his name ; or they may be collected by the industry of friendship, or the prudence of the trade, and slowly win their way into general notice, and earn at last that posthumous fame for which genius has thirsted, and nothing short of true genius ever wins. Many circumstances, however, independent of, and extraneous to the real and substantial merits of the poet, must combine, before he can have even a chance of accomplishing this grand object of his desires and his labours. Accidents beyond his control ; "tides in the affairs of men" of which he may have neglected to avail himself, lucky moments suffered to elapse, which once gone will never return to *him* : the timely escape from the narrow barriers of a provincial reputation ; the opportunity, not easily gained, of obtaining, as a first and indispensable step, the ear of the public, through the medium of the rich, and influential portion of the publishing world in the metropolis : all this, and more than this, nay, it may be added, amidst the glut of an overstocking market, and the weariness and satiety of the reading public, a total and startling originality of views, a hitherto unsounding depth of thought and feeling, following up by a corresponding brilliancy and power of style, and harmony of versification, would be necessary, over and above the intrinsic richness of the poetic talent,

to ensure to a man any thing like a British celebrity—setting aside altogether a European fame. These advantages, which, in a greater or lesser degree, respectively, have conspired to give eclat and elasticity to the exertions and performances of Scott, Moore, Byron, Campbell, Southey, and the rest of that fraternity who have more than forestalled the award of posterity, at once in solid cash and in dazzling reputation, have been altogether wanting to the amiable and highly gifted young gentleman, who displayed in his life, the characteristic excellencies and the prevailing defects of an Irishman and a poet : the generosity, improvidence, recklessness and ardour of the one ; the tenderness, the sensibility and waywardness of the other. His poems have been lately published ; but it is difficult to conjecture, whether for the reasons above stated, they are likely to obtain that extensive circulation which their beauty, delicacy, purity, and majestic gracefulness so well deserve. If the partiality of friendship has not unconsciously warped the rigour, and smoothed the sternness of criticism, we hesitate not to affirm, that his compositions are worthy of ranking next to the elegant and matchless lyrical pieces of Campbell and Moore.

He was born in this city, in the year 1795. His infancy was passed in the country, and to this circumstance he was indebted for the advantage of a knowledge of the Irish language, and a copious store of legendary lore, of which he afterwards made so much use. We have not ascertained that in the period preceding his departure for college, he was at all distinguished by any of those proofs of precocious talent, which mark almost the infancy of other men of genius. His career at school, it is presumed, was precisely similar to, and perhaps less remarkable in merit, than that of boys of the same age and pursuits. The same indolence, which became the characteristic of his more advanced life, probably at that time, prevented him displaying the talent, to the development of which the necessities of his short and eccentric career finally compelled him. That wonderful precocity which is so lauded, and which is dwelt on with such enthusiasm by the admirers of genius, is very often

delusive, and if nothing but the earlier productions of celebrated writers were preserved, we should find little to praise and much to condemn. Had nothing remained of Cowley but his performances at the age of ten, and of the poetry of Pope, nothing but his verses at the age of twelve, posterity would be far from allotting them that high place in the literature of their country, which they now occupy. Successful writers are also often misled with respect to the merit of their juvenile efforts. Lord Byron imagined there was as much fine poetry in his "Hours of Idleness" as in any work which the maturity of his gigantic genius brought forth; and Pope often thought with regret, on the destruction of the long Epic, which he had almost completed at the age of fourteen, and which by the advice of an individual competent to pass judgment on its defects, he committed to the flames. To the philosopher it belongs to explain the cause of this apparent inconsistency in genius, in estimating the merits of its own productions,—to the Biographer belongs the task of relating it.

Mr. Callanan entered College under auspices somewhat different from the generality of persons who are admitted at Maynooth; his choice of an ecclesiastical life not being made for the sole purpose of obtaining a lucrative and respectable profession, but, as he imagined, in the spirit of a true vocation; it was expected by his friends, that his course there would be a distinguished one, and its issue successful. A restless spirit, which afterwards became the bane of his existence, and which often led him to abandon real good for some vain and shadowy prospect, urged him however, after a residence of two years, (the later part of which he spent in a very unquiet state of mind,) to quit Maynooth, and voluntarily surrender all his future prospects in the clerical profession. We have not been able to discover, that while at College, more than at school, he was distinguished in his different classes for any striking superiority of intellect; and we know, that for some time, the divining wand of acute judgment was unable to discover in his mind, the spot where the spring lay, whose waters were afterwards to gush out with so sparkling a tide, and so sweet a tone.

For the first year he was not even known as the composer of a single rhyme.

It was in 1816, and before his leaving College, that the muse was first invoked. The occasion, as well as the strain to which it gave birth, are now equally unknown, owing to his habitual carelessness. This is more to be regretted, as the mind which took so long a time to mature its powers and to foster its strength for its first parturition, could not have brought forth any thing very inferior to its later productions. It was probably some effusion occasioned by the interesting events which occurred about that period, and which were well qualified to excite even mediocrity of talent. By his departure from College he lost the affections and the protection of his nearest relatives. In vain he defended himself on the plea that his vocation was not directed to that peculiar state, and that he felt it dishonourable to embrace a profession, for which such purity of intention, and such exclusive devotedness of mind and conduct are deemed to be necessary, with a heart alienated from its first desires, and unwilling to support the important and responsible burthen of such a station. Uncomfortable, and chilled in heart, he was driven into society, though naturally of a shy and reserved disposition, and compelled there to seek the pleasure such as it was, that was denied him at home. Had he been encouraged at that time, when there was no remedy for what had happened, to foster the talents he possessed, he might not have afterwards sunk into utter supineness, but have become a useful member of society, and an honour to the literature of his country.

During the years 1817-18 he did little or nothing in the way of composition, at least there are no remains bearing that date, though he might have planned, and even composed in mind, much of that poetry which has since appeared. Towards the close of 1818, an influential friend regretting his inactivity, and abating somewhat of that rigour which led him to blame his infatuation in quitting College, procured for him in this City, a respectable situation as Tutor to a young gentleman, who has since embraced the Medical Profession.

In this situation he continued during two years, chiefly occupied in its duties ; a few occasional fugitive pieces of poetry, which enjoyed only a partial circulation among his intimate acquaintances, are all the exertions of his almost inert muse that have escaped of this period. They are much inferior in merit, to the poorest of his after productions, and exhibit none of that fire and spirit which subsequently distinguished his writings. Their only merit is an ease and harmony of versification, in which he seems never to have been deficient. The following is the earliest production of his which we have been able to discover, it was certainly written about this time, and affords an illustration of our observation—

SONG.

Air—The Bench of Rushes.

Adieu my own dear Erin,
Receive my fond my last adieu ;
I go, but with me bearing
A heart that still is true to you ;
The charms that nature gave thee
With lavish hand, shall cease to smile,
And the soul of friendship leave thee
E're I forget my own green Isle.

Ye fields where heroes bounded
To meet the foes of liberty ;
Ye hills that oft resounded
The joyful shouts of victory ;
Obscured is all your glory,
Forgotten all your former fame,
And the minstrel's mournful story,
Now drops a tear at Erin's name.

But still the day may brighten,
When those tears shall cease to flow ;
And the shouts of freedom lighten,
Those spirits now so drooping low,
Then should the glad breeze blowing,
Convey this echo o'er the sea ;
My heart with transport glowing,
Shall bless the hand that made thee free.

But the ill requited duties of a Tutor were as little congenial to his disposition, as their reward was unsuitable to his wants, or desires. A more eligible occupation was to be sought for ; the literary market was overstocked with competitors in every department, and the choice that remained to him, was one of the learned professions. Divinity he had already renounced, for Physic he felt no yearnings, and that for Law—the driest and most laborious, as well as the most uncertain, he fixed his desire. With the concurrence of his friends therefore, he left Cork for Dublin, and with exalted hope, and high expectation in his breast, he entered Trinity College as an out-pensioner, and with a zeal and devotedness, but too short-lived, entered on studies, which he hoped were to open up to him the Eldorado of future advancement at the Bar.

It is very difficult to calculate what might have been his success in his profession, had he persevered in his intention of studying for it, but we are amongst those who believed and do believe, that Callanan in this instance mistook his vocation and his abilities, and that had he persevered and surely perseverance or firmness of purpose was not one of his virtues, he would have eaten out his Terms, and gone his Circuits, indulging in that hope deferred which bringeth sickness to the heart, and finally settling down into that most unenvied of professionals—a briefless Barrister.

Two years more did he remain at Trinity College, and at the same time that he passed some examinations, continued his studies of the common law. An event occurred about this time which aroused all the poet within the embryo Barrister, and promised to afford Mr. Callanan a better opportunity of

achieving that celebrity, after which he panted, than either his academical studies, or his legal knowledge; this was the accession of his present Majesty to the throne. The important occurrence was announced as the subject of the College Prize Poem, with a sum of twenty guineas to be awarded for the best poetical composition on the subject. It was here that Callanan felt at home. It was natural that, entertaining the sentiments he did, he should have made his poem the vehicle of his strong and warm emotions, and ardent enthusiasm, and permitted his feelings to outrun the measured and subdued gratification felt by the "silent sister" on the occasion. The aspirations of the college, did not rise beyond a mere laureate adulation, and it was expected, that the successful candidate for the wreath which they had at their disposal, should assert his double capacity of prophet and poet, and whilst celebrating the glories of the hero of the piece, should also merely content himself with a general prediction of the splendour, which this rising sun should hereafter, in the maturity of his meridian, shed upon the country on which he was to shine. But Callanan's genius could acknowledge no such restrictions to his career, his Pegasus soared higher than the jaded hack whose provant is an annual butt of sack, and in no composition does he take a nobler flight, than in the poem written on this occasion. As to its poetical merits, abstracted from its politics, a finer composition on a similar subject could not be imagined. It unites conciseness, pathos, energy, and the very soul of fervour, especially towards the conclusion. He seemed in this poem, more than in any other to have taken Sir Walter Scott as a model, and the song introduced into the piece, is in the same metre as that in the "Lady of the Lake."

The subject for the second prize, was the restoration, by Alexander the Great, after his conquests in the East, of the spoils of Athens. And upon this short, but exquisitely finished production, the very spirit of antiquity seems to have descended. It resembles one of those beautiful statues which the youthful conqueror had restored—one of the

—"Marble busts, where vigour breathed,
And beauty's living ringlets wreathed."

The merit of the poems secured for them the favourable judgment of the College. But immediately after Mr. Callanan withdrew his name from the books of the University. He had, by a residence of two years in Dublin, exhausted the funds he had saved from his earnings; and leaving that City, committed an act, the remembrance of which, ever after filled him with bitterness and shame;—in a fit of despair, he enlisted in a regiment then on the point of embarkation for Malta. Its name of the “Royal Irish,” had, for his enthusiastic and truly patriotic mind, an attraction which he declared he was unable to resist. The depot of this regiment was then stationed in the Isle of Wight, and thither our new soldier was forwarded. It was with some difficulty his friends could discover whither he had gone after leaving Dublin, as he had given them no intimation of his purpose, or of the act he had committed. When at length, after prolonged enquiry, they discovered his situation, the influence of friends, and the operation of the means usually found effectual in such cases, procured his release; and Callanan was allowed to bid adieu to the Isle of Wight and dreams of military emprise for ever, after an inglorious period of a fortnight in his Majesty’s service. To no other part of his life was he ever less willing to recur than to this; whenever it was remotely hinted at, or alluded to in his presence, he was accustomed to evince the strongest symptoms of uneasiness, and every repugnance to the subject. On his return to Cork, his stay was but for a very short time, having entered into an engagement as Tutor with a gentleman named M’Carthy, who resided in the neighbourhood of Mill-street in the County. In this situation he remained about two years; what the mystical number *seven* was with the Ancients, the number *two* seems to have been with Callanan—sacred. To fulfil that limit of time was to him the sufficient discharge of his duties, to exceed it in any one employment, or on any given purpose was not a thing to be entertained. During his residence at the house of this gentleman, his poetical temperament was nourished by the vicinity of the Killarney and Muskerry mountains, which were visible from his window.

In this place he imbibed a strong taste for the legendary lore of his native country, which he afterwards, on every favourable occasion, took an opportunity of gratifying.

In 1822 he again returned to Cork under less favourable circumstances than before, owing to family embarrassments and some inconsiderate causes of a domestic nature. At this time the all engrossing subjects of public attention were the Spanish and Neapolitan revolutions, which commenced so gloriously but which had so disgraceful a termination. He wrote some fugitive pieces on this interesting occasion, which the present writer remembers to have seen, but which, from some unexplained cause, have not appeared in the published collection. He also meditated a large poem on Naples, but it is to be regretted, that he *only meditated* it. Little of interest remains to be related of Mr. Callanan during the time he spent in idleness; amongst the fugitive productions of this year is the very beautiful Spanish War Song, which is to be found in page 63, and which he wrote in the course of a few moments, at the suggestion of a friend, in whose house he was residing at the time. In this song there is rather an unaccountable omission of two stanzas, fully equal at least in merit to any of the others. As we are desirous of their preservation, not alone because of their own intrinsic worth, but also in the hope that in some future edition they may be placed in their proper situation, we think no apology necessary for their insertion here;—they form the concluding stanzas.

“ Long, long, each Spanish father his kindling boys shall tell
How gallantly Gerona fought and Saragosa fell—
Long, long above the waves of time those deathless names
shall be

A beacon light to all who fight for home and liberty.

Oh! offspring of that Hero by Spanish hearts adored,
Who on the proud Morescoe bands his mountain vengeance
poured—

Once more to waste your lovely fields rush down the herdes of
France,

Descendants of Pelayo! to freedom's fight advance!”

In 1823 he engaged as an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn. In this situation he remained only some months, and in exploring the west of the County of Cork, for the purpose of the summer vacation he fulfilled his long entertained design of collecting its legends and hitherto obscure poetry. With the sum of twelve pounds he commenced his rambles, and for some short period took up his residence in Bantry, in which town the writer of this Memoir first had the pleasure of personally knowing him. Though then young and unreflecting, yet the quiet, unassuming gentleness of Mr. Callanan's manners, which threw an indescribable fascination about every thing he did or said, made an impression on him, for which he was unable to account, but which he never will forget ; and even still when impressions are less vividly stamped, and when the feelings must be rendered more dull from the cares of the world than they were during those "winged days," his mind is filled with the pleasure of those hours, and his heart is warmed at the recollection. In the society of Callanan he then felt that rapture, which he was afterwards given to understand a happy lover might enjoy in the presence of his mistress. There was a kind of *feminine* attraction in his manners which no one could resist. It has been generally felt by those who knew him. In illustration of this feeling, I shall take leave to give an extract of a letter from a talented friend, to whom I, a few years after, happened to mention Mr. Callanan's name, and whose energetic and eloquent words will afford a much higher idea of this feeling than mine possibly can ;—"There must be something similar in our minds, as I am inclined to think it is on the same grounds we love and admire Callanan. *My* love is—founded—I was going to say, by the fixedness and nobility of his principles, but it is they have cherished it, as it certainly was the amiability, the purity of the halo that encircled his heart and intellect that first won my devotion ;—for years before I saw him the hope of being permitted to sit in the same room, to have him to speak kindly to me, was one of those indistinct but delightful visions on which my mind ardently dwelt—we had mutual friends.—I do not know whether I should express

myself thus before the *vulgar*—but you, I suppose, are capable of feeling the same idolatry for the few, or for those qualities or powers in the abstract, of which the possession gives a claim for our homage.”—I shall make no apology for dwelling on this topic; the indulgent reader will pardon the egotism for the sincerity.

He intended to have resided for some time in Bantry, for the purpose of translating and arranging for publication the poetry and legends he had been employed in collecting. The spirit of rambling, however, again returned with more force, and he abandoned his intention of a stationary residence. Instead of publishing a volume for which he had now sufficient materials both in original and translated poems, he communicated some pieces of the latter kind to the editor of “Blackwood’s Magazine,” which proves him to have been a skilful adept in the Irish language, and an elegant as well as spirited and faithful translator of its poetry. He felt the total decay into which the literature of his native island was suffered to fall, and no man was better qualified by inclination and talent, or worse by his great want of exertion, to wake her dormant muse and to—

“Mingle once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains,
And glean each grey legend that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o’er their beauty were weeping.”
Gougane Barra, p. 60.

Though Mr. Moore has done a great deal for the Irish muse, yet it is to be regretted, that he did not employ his powerful talents in illustrating the traditionary lore of his country;—few, very few of his songs are employed on national stories, and we know not, if the subject of most of his lyrics is so interesting as that which he could find at home.

The persecution which every where awaited the demonstration of Irish talent, especially in the poetic department, during the last two or three centuries, caused a melancholy and lasting dearth in this respect. Like the tract of ground, which had been blasted by the residence of infernal spirits, or been

the theatre of unhallowed incantations, no footstep dared to approach the unholy precincts ; and though the power of the demoniac ministers had departed, and the sway of the malignant enchanter had passed away, the knee still tottered, and the heart yet quailed at the recollection of what had been done there.

The name of Carolan, who flourished about the commencement of the last century, and who was immeasurably the most copious and pathetic of the bards who wrote in the native tongue,—at least of those who are celebrated,—is well known even in Italy. Since his time, an itinerant devotee of the name of O'Sullivan, better known by the appellation of *Taidhe Gaeligh*, has left some productions which are of an inferior description. The earlier part of his life was spent in dissipation, and in those hours of love and mellowness of heart, he composed many pieces, which might have contained some merit from their being written in the feeling of the moment, but which are in great measure now unknown, except to the pains-taking antiquary. The greater portion of his devotional productions are possessed of little merit ; as if the suddenness of the change in his mental climate, as in Ovid's case, had stricken a coldness into his numbers. One, however, is a very fine exception, and that, a poem on the last day ; it has been translated and published by Mr. Callanan in the present volume, page 138. To Miss Brooke, in the latter part of the last century, we owe a great deal, for her efforts in perpetuating the relics of ancient Irish poetry ;—and the early, and then undeveloped talent of Lady Morgan was employed in translating some of our finest songs. It is unnecessary to speak here of the merits of "*Eman Na Knoc*." Almost contemporary with Sidney Owenson, flourished a Mr. Theophilus O'Flanagan, who published a translation of a few poems in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin ;" but whether from intrinsic demerit, or from the unfitness of the gentleman for the task he had undertaken, we could well afford and endure their loss. Mr. O'Flanagan, we suspect, will be better remembered in future time by his antiquarian lucubrations, and his

announcement at least, if not discovery, of the celebrated Ogham inscription on Mount Callan in the County Clare, a fact that has done more to embroil Irish antiquaries, and set them by the ears, than all translations since the days of Ossian. Mr. Crofton Croker, well known by his efforts for the "Legends of the South of Ireland" has entertained an intention of making a collection of Irish poetry, to be entitled "Minstrelsy of the South of Ireland," but we have not learned that he has as yet published any thing on the subject. Mr. Hardiman, the talented writer of the "History of Galway," &c. is we understand employed in a similar collection, and his merit as a historian gives promise of considerable success.

To a mind so peculiarly under the influence of generous impulse as was Callanan's, and so accessible to allurements, money was never an object the possession of which could be long calculated on; and the fund with which he encountered the highways and byeways of the west, and by whose agency he was to rescue from neglect all the the stores of antique fiction and poesy scattered through its glens and vales, may be presumed to have had no very prolonged existence. The failure of his finances, and the hopelessness of aid from home, hinted to him, pretty forcibly, the necessity of seeking for some employment, and he found himself constrained at length to settle quietly down to a tuition in the family of Mr. Alexander O'Driscoll of Clover Hill. The situation happened to be one of little or no labour, and left him considerable leisure to indulge his favourite inclination. Sketches of rude beauty and mountain grandeur will depict the peculiarities of the neighbourhood in which he was now placed; Callanan did not neglect the facilities of this wild and picturesque situation, and every legendary haunt and fairy dell, its crags and lakes, became in a short time familiar to his footsteps. The secluded and beautiful *Lough Ine* was a favourite haunt which he loved to explore, and the wildness of its traditions fired his muse.—The writer has seen a considerable portion of a tale in prose, founded on one of its legends, which he had written, though not completed, and which is now lost. But this indeed scarcely

calls for an expression of our regret as save the story, it was of little literary value. At Mr. O'Driscoll's he did not continue longer than a few months.

Having returned to Cork in 1824 with the intention of publishing his poems by subscription, for this purpose he advertised, and published a prospectus, announcing among those pieces really written, others as yet only dreamed of, or actually composed, but unwritten, and preserved only in his powerful and tenacious memory. Amongst these, were "The Outlaw of Ca-o-mene," "the Bridegroom of Carragaonar," and a beautiful poem on the subject of a Wreck off the Mizzen head, besides others, of which his most intimate friends could never see a line, although he sometimes repeated passages of their fervid poetry, full of fire and spirit. The announcement was received with pleasure by numbers, and he received many subscriptions; but the intention was soon abandoned, from the absurd idea, that his publishing by subscription would have the effect of rendering his productions less respectable in the eyes of the public; and he determined to make an effort to dispose of the copy-right to a London Publisher. Procrastination, that source of many evils, was a favourite and cherished weakness of Callanan's, and it did not fail him here, as a year elapsed before he made even this effort.

From this period forward, his life was one of much disappointment, and every day, every hour, brought privation and embarrassment. The kindness of friends, and they were numerous and sincere, perhaps fostered that tendency to a habitual indolence which was his bane; were he less certain of their assistance, he might have made those exertions, which, with his powerful talents, would have assured to him a respectable independence, and placed his name beside the proudest and the brightest. He felt the necessity for the effort, but he possessed not the resolution to make it; whatever were his aspirations,—and they were not those of the mean or grovelling, or sordid,—his resolution, or power of action, never received the impulse. His social habits too, his local and personal attachments, kept him in fetters which he seldom wished to break;

and as his society was sought after with eagerness, he was too unresisting to tear himself from the pleasures or enjoyments into which he suffered himself to be plunged. If he fell into some temporary errors, or indulged in some of those follies, which the malevolent, the ill-judging, and the misinformed construed against his character: yet those who knew him felt, that these lapses sprang from no evil temperament, and saw, that over this darkness of soul gleamed, now and then, a few rays of his better nature.

It was in the summer of 1824, whilst in the neighbourhood of Clonakilty, that he composed his inimitable stanzas entitled the "Recluse of Inchidony." A strain of melancholy feeling, quite in character with the natural temperament of the man, runs through this poem. In an old blotted manuscript which contains a few fragments of this production, as well as others never finished, there occurs a note respecting the apparent resemblance between it and "Childe Harold." In it he observes "the following stanzas are a fragment of an unfinished poem, called "Thoughts of a Recluse," I fancy a resemblance can be observed, however feeble or remote, to some passages in Byron's Childe Harold,—the writer begs leave to say that he is perfectly innocent of such coincidental imitation, these stanzas having been composed before he read that work."—Mr. Callanan was, as we have before observed, generally accustomed to compose in mind all, or at least the greatest part of every work long before he committed it to writing, and his memory was so very powerful as to retain for years these unwritten productions of thought. It is probable, therefore, that the plan of the poem alluded to, might have been formed, and many stanzas composed, before he read and discovered the similarity in the train of thought, with the magnificent work of Lord Byron. Through both poems runs the same melancholy flow of feeling—in them is the same contempt for the flat and unprofitable pleasures of the world—the same sickness of heart at disappointment in the search of happiness, and the same high communing with the sublimity of creation. The contempt for worldly pursuits in "The Recluse," does

not, however, amount to that stern tone of misanthropy which so strongly characterizes the "Childe." In Callanan, it is softened down and subdued into a tenderness, which shows that he is still a human being, and has not entirely lost the recollection of his class, or the milk of human kindness. In Byron, it is a high, morose, unbending and tremendous abstraction from the pursuits and cares of his fellow man which dazzles and astonishes but does not conciliate.

On his return from Clonakilty, the year following, he accepted a situation at Everton school near Carlow, where he remained about twelve months, and though possessed of a sufficient leisure for literary amusement, this period was a poetical blank: varied only by the simple but exquisite lines "To a sprig of mountain heath," and which alone would compensate for the idleness of a season. On his return he availed himself of an invitation, long previously given by Doctor Burke of Bantry, and remained with him for nearly three months. The writer of this memoir cannot mention the name of this gentleman, and feel cold to those feelings, which gratitude of the deepest kind must awaken. But the deepest streams glide along in silence, and he must content himself in hoarding up within his heart, what his pen is unable perfectly to trace.

During Mr. Callanan's residence in Bantry, he made many excursions to visit the surrounding scenery, which is of the most romantic and interesting character. The beautiful lines on Gougane Barra were written in that secluded hermitage during a thunder storm, which had overtaken him there.

Shortly after his return from Bantry he received a letter from Mr. Crofton Croker, the diligent and industrious collector of "the Irish Fairy Legends," which gave him a momentary impulse, and suggested the idea of a work, as novel in this country, as the materials for it were abundant, and his fitness for the task unquestionable. "I have been for some time past" Mr. Croker says "engaged in collecting and arranging for publication, the various songs and ballads, connected with, or relating to the south of Ireland, from the year 1400 to the present time,

both in Irish and English.—These with the notes and illustrations, which I purpose adding, will probably occupy three volumes octavo, and I am inclined to think, will form an interesting work. Having stated my plan, I must request your permission, to enrich my collection with some translations from the Irish, from your pen, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, having no doubt of procuring Mr. Blackwood's leave ; and you would add much to their value, for my purpose, if you could give me in Irish the first verse of each, or of any idiomatic expressions which are difficult to give in verse, and may merit a prose explanation. I should wish also to avail myself, (but not to any extent,) of some translations which have appeared with your initials in Bolster's Magazine. But a chief point in which it is evident you could materially assist me, would be in the direct communication of any picturesque traditions of the country, connected with snatches of song ; any traditions which would illustrate the state of the country, of the peasantry, or gentry, between the years 1700 and 1800 — These would be particularly serviceable to me, and, if not asking too much, I should esteem such as a most particular favour, and be willing to make you any suitable return. The title of my collection will be, "the Minstrelsy of the South of Ireland," and I intend it to include the modern slang songs, such as "the Groves of de Pool," &c. Of the latter by the bye, I have not a copy, though it can be easily procured. It was written by poor Milliken, but there is another song about Blackpool by Delacour."

If industry, unwearied exertion, patient research extensive reading, and close acquaintance with the "Nugæ Antiquæ" of Ireland, be qualifications for the interesting work above contemplated, no man could enter on it with greater advantages than Mr. Croker ; but he was deficient in a knowledge of the Irish language, the great key to the treasures which he was about to explore, and without which complete success was unattainable ; whilst on the other hand, Mr. Callanan, though not a master, was certainly no mean proficient, and added to his knowledge in this and other respects, local advantages un-

attainable by Mr. Croker. He declined that gentleman's request, intending, himself, to enter upon an "Anthology," for which he had some materials collected; but the circumstances in which he was placed, the difficulties which then pressed upon him, and his departure for Lisbon and subsequent death, prevented the accomplishment of an object, which he once very warmly entertained, and thus left to Mr. Croker, or Mr. Hardiman an open field for the prosecution of their honorable and interesting competition.

His friends perceived, and deeply regretted the difficulties and embarrassments of his situation, and suggested many plans for their removal. They saw that literary employment at that present juncture, afforded the most immediate chance of extricating him, but that a provincial town was not the best place to afford the chances of procuring it, and suggested a trial of London. Their opinion fell in with his own notion and desire, but obstacles lay in the way of this project, insurmountable to him, for exertions were to be made which he was not equal to, and the idea, though not totally abandoned, was laid aside for another, the establishment of a school. From the assurance of the support of influential persons which he had received, his hopes of success were considerably excited; but his *Fa-trons* were more ardent than active, and this scheme he was finally compelled to relinquish. A friend having, by his kind and considerate advances, superceded it for the present, the project of a school was laid aside, and the projector for awhile bade adieu to the city, and hurried once more to the vallies, and lakes, and shores of the west. Here he lived the life of a wandering minstrel in this favourite region;—a welcome visitor wherever he appeared, and courted, and sought after by the hospitable Gaels of a district as famous for its love, as its tenacious preservation of song. Callanan left but few Planxties in his Bardic tour, to repay the warm attentions he received; but they are amongst his best. Some tributes of gratitude have been preserved:—tributes too, expressive of a stronger and warmer emotion; for it was rumoured and believed at this time, that the heart of the bard had become susceptible of the softer

passion ; and his long absence from his native city was attributed, and perhaps justly, to other causes besides a wish to listen to the plash of waves around Inchidony, or the contemplation of the heathly solitudes of Ivera. Whatever were the attractions that enchained him in the neighbourhood of Clonakilty and Bandon, he forgot for months, amidst its society, those objects and pursuits of more immediate advantage, which his friends could have wished him to entertain. The occasional appearance of the " Virgin Mary's bank," or the " Lament of O'Gnieve," in some of the Cork publications, were amongst the faint indications of his existence which he suffered to appear. Though few were gifted with a kinder heart, and none could more freely unbosom himself where he felt his confidence was due, yet the medium of communication was seldom epistolary. A short note written from Bandon, the scene of his willing thralldom at this time, gives us a hurried glimpse at his then existence—

Ban-du-Oun,—plain of the Black-water.

Wednesday, January 17th. 1827.

Dear——

I am much indebted to you for the manner in which my " O'Gnieve" came to light, your deep reading in our history, and acquaintance with the past of Ireland, enable you to elucidate it very satisfactorily ;—though you are king of the A——s you are also king of antiquarians. I am fairly jaded from answering, who's the author of the " O's and Macs ?"—'tis not only by many degrees the best article in the number, but Blackwood or the New Monthly could not match it ; this is every one's opinion. I have made a great harvest in the Irish way. If I'm not before Croker in one way, I think I shall in another. I'm living here a la J. O. L. Priests and Doctors, Police Officers and Bourgeois are feeding me, and looking out for me ;—I must get visiting cards at last— *Go voire Dia oruing* ; but I'll fly to the mountains—

Yours affectionately,

J. J. C.

The remainder of his story is brief and consistent. He continued in the country until the beginning of the summer, a measure sufficiently necessary from the very exhausted state of his finances, for his residence in the city afforded no prospect of improvement in his circumstances, and, notwithstanding the generous sympathy of friends, and occasional pecuniary assistance, tended only to the increase of debts, where there was no immediate chance of their discharge. Gloomy and embarrassing seemed his situation at this time. His earlier friends, had forsaken him, or looked on with cold indifference at his struggle with his fate, and while some affected to pity, the herd observed and blamed with little measure in their condemnation. It was left to strangers—to those who could appreciate his merits—admire his genius, and commiserate his misfortunes, to lend the helping hand at this trying crisis. They too could blame, for he was not blameless, but they felt that his faults sprung from no inherent ill disposition; that they were weaknesses, but weaknesses which were not alien to virtue. Many of them being persons of business, and impressed with the idea that every man should exercise the talents with which he is endowed, could not understand how Mr. Callanan's qualifications should, alone, be useless and unprofitable for himself. They had made many efforts to assist him, and to rouse him to a sense of the impropriety of his being an inefficient member of society; they had endeavoured to awaken his pride even at the risk of doing violence to the sensitiveness of his feelings, by representing to him the state of degrading dependance on the casual benevolence of strangers, to which he had reduced himself; but disappointment in various schemes which the fickleness of his fancy had suggested, broke his spirit and depressed the buoyancy of his mind. After a short residence in Cork, he was glad to accept the offer made him by a Mr. Hickey, an Irish gentleman engaged in commerce in Lisbon, to go out with him as tutor to his children, and in the beginning of the autumn of this year he prepared to embark for Portugal,—never again to return to his native land. The terms were far from tempting but such as they were, in his

situation, their acceptance was deemed advisable. Before his departure he disposed of the copy-right of his poems to Mr. Bolster ; and the sum which he had agreed to accept for them, he directed should be paid over, as far as it went, in the discharge of his debts ;—great and pressing as were his own immediate necessities, preferring an act of honourable justice to their supply or removal.

Even to the last moment of his sojourn in his native city, his prevalent disposition evinced itself in the extraordinary reluctance which he exhibited, to break through those ties of affection and habit which had grown around him, and became as it were interwoven with his nature. The few friends to whom he was anxious to bid adieu he had visited and seen, and only one other scene of leave-taking remained for him, but this was to be designedly the last. This farewell night as he called it, was destined to be spent in the Hermitage amongst his favourite Anchorites, the humorous and literary club to which he was exclusively attached in town. Here every mode of cordial and affectionate encouragement had been adopted to sustain and strengthen him in his resolution, to support with firmness what they hoped and represented to him would be notwithstanding his forebodings only a temporary exile. All however seemed to be unavailing ; although the bland and gentle sweetness of his manners, and his natural relish for enlivening and literary conversation seemed to assist their encreasing and considerate efforts to enliven him, he frequently relapsed into fits of despondency. There was a presentiment which he said seemed to be clinging about him, that he would never return to his native country ; and much as he laughed at the idea of such notions altogether in the abstract, it was frequently recurring to him and annoyed him exceedingly. In consequence of his evident unwillingness to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Hickey, a few friends considered it prudent to accompany him from town, and see him on board the vessel which was to convey him to Lisbon. They reached Cove accordingly in good time ; and all looked prosperous for his destination. Every thing was ready for departure, his few leave-

takings were now soon over, and the beautiful Schooner danced on the waters as if impatient to start upon her voyage. His friends had now been gone for some time, when to his inexpressible delight, he learned that the wind was not expected to veer round to the favourable point for some hours, and he suddenly availed himself of some excuse to pass the interval on shore. Late that night when most of the Anchorites had departed from the Hermitage, and the few who lingered behind were in most anxious discussion of the probable distance which the schooner with its minstrel freight might have reached at sea, to their surprise and regret in walked the Poet ! There he stood before them full of almost boyish delight at what he considered his miraculous escape from exile, and the ingenious slip he had given the Portuguese ! For the short period which intervened until the sailing of the next vessel for Lisbon, one of his customary and well-told stories, was the narrative of this day's excursion, and the trick which he played in thus doubling on his escort to Cove.

During the time he spent in Portugal he does not seem to have occupied himself in the cultivation of poetry, but to have entirely devoted his leisure hours to the study of the language of the country. In one of his letters to his friends, he states apparently with considerable gratification, the ease with which he mastered the difficulties which appeared to strike him at the commencement, but to one who had acquired such a proficiency in the Roman tongue, this should not be a matter of surprise. There is one remarkable feature in his communications of this period, that throughout the entire, though they are by no means numerous, there is a total absence of any tone of despondency, as if his soul had acquired a perfect spirit of self reliance, which neither time nor circumstances could disturb or lessen. He looked forward with sanguine expectations to his return under better auspices to his native country, though on what flattering foundation such hopes could have been based it is really difficult to conjecture. Yet that his spirit never gave way to the last moment, until finally subdued by the continuance and acceleration of his complaint, is clearly mani-

fested in the feeling of confidence and unruffled equanimity of temper in which he invariably addressed his correspondents.

His residence in Lisbon was not conducive to his health. He had left his native shores, suffering from severe indisposition ; and he arrived in the Portuguese Capitol, with spirits little elated by the prospects which opened on his residence in a strange land, and which he found deficient of all interest for him. He was then unacquainted with its language ; and the state in which he found society—a society in its best state possessing nothing congenial to his feelings, tended little to cheer the gloom and sickness of heart, which were fast settling on him. He had arrived in Lisbon in the worst period of its political disorder, when it was convulsed amidst the early horrors of Miguel's usurpation, and it was at least a gratification to him to find his residence removed some miles inland from that disgraceful scene. But here he found little to nurse his genius ; as he says himself,—speaking of it in one of his letters—It was a bad country for the poet or the antiquarian, possessing no traditions ; there were some remains of Moorish fortresses, Roman Aqueducts, &c. in his neighbourhood, but he says, “ they want the legend and the song of our land to speak for them in their desolation. Since I came here,” he continues, “ I have not seen a spot of green, save the trees, which were not very numerous, there is no such thing as a meadow or grass field in Portugal. Besides the harvest crop of corn, they rear two others which they cut down green for cattle ; except at these periods the face of the country presents but a scorched brown waste. In the deep vallies, where alone they will thrive on account of the water, are orange and lemon trees,—on the hills, scattered plantations of vine and olives. In Lisbon, which like Rome is built on seven hills, when I visit it, the eye is annoyed by troops of hungry dogs and the ear by incessant bells, I have done little in the way of poetry since I came here, and it is probable I shall be able to do less, as I have a promise of two other situations, which if I get, will render it impossible for me to do any thing. I shall in my next send you a few short pieces, &c.” The hope of additional situations failed him :

one however he obtained, but held only for a month ; perhaps his health would not permit him to accept or hold them, and his spirits, from his few subsequent communications, seem indeed to have lost all their buoyancy. Even in song, with which in other times he might have cheered his solitude and vacant hours, he found little relief. Society, narrow and circumscribed as it necessarily must have been in his new situation, seems to have lost all charms for him. Two short pieces as he had promised, are all that have reached this country, of whatever he may have written during the period of his residence in Portugal. They are "subjects from sacred story," published in this volume. He contemplated others which we trust may not be lost to the public. His latest anxiety seems to have been about the success of those pieces, which he had transferred to Mr. Bolster, and the entire fulfilment to the letter of his undertaking with him, either expressed or implied. He says in a letter written the 30th March, 1828—"Among some books just arrived to Mr. H——, I saw the last Quarterly Magazine (No. 8,) and my poems announced for publication, I much regret the necessity that prematurely brings them before the public, and the disagreeable task I imposed upon you, of having any eye after them. I don't know exactly the number of lines ; I thought it was about 3000 ;—I told B. so ; among them I included such short pieces as J * * R * * e had not got ; a translation from the Spanish which you could get on the "Chronicle" of that period, with one horrible error in it, "favoured" instead of "faintest," and an Irish song—"Loch Lene," which you have, "The Lament, or last Song of Kirke White," which M * * has, or which you can get in Miss F * * 's album, and the "lay of Mizzen head" which I intended to have given myself, had the manuscript come sooner from J. R. beside other small things. Now whatever I am short of three thousand lines, I feel myself bound to make good, and if on receipt of this, you will be kind enough to tell me all that's necessary for me further to perform, I shall most readily do it. * * * May I trouble you to make two erasures. In a note to Carriganass Castle, there is an ill placed

compliment to the present proprietor ; and in one on the Avondu—a quotation from Virgil given from memory, and, I think, on the same authority, wrongly ; I believe “*Rex fluviorum Eridanus*” should be “*Fluviorum rex Eridanus*.” If the volume is likely to be too small, I wish it may be held over for some short time until I find an opportunity of sending something more—excuse my dwelling so long on so unimportant a subject. I see you have immortalized the “storeen” but the exquisite “says he—says she” a e lost to all but the initiated—so are the characters of your fellow travellers ;—even to the “enlightened few” they are only faintly pourtrayed. Though your “Gougane Barra” wanted the charm of novelty for me, I read it with a deal of pleasure ; I was better able to judge of its merits, from * * * enjoying it very much ; being acquainted with most part of the scene of your rambles, they readily recognized the fidelity of the description. I suppose the fairy Tale is J — R — n’s ’tis well done, but too short.

“ This country is in a state of great distraction ; the nobility, many of them, flying to England or Brazil, and the men of wealth in a great panic for the safety of their properties. No decisive blow has been struck yet ; but in a few days more, when the rest of the English troops shall have been drawn away, the policy of Don Miguel will begin to develope itself. I suspect he is secretly countenanced by France and Spain.—His character has been always bad.

“ April 2nd.—No ship stirring yet ;—I have time to tell you something about Cintra—Lord Byron’s Cintra—The first land I saw after leaving Cove were the mountains of Cintra,—or rather the mountain, for it is one long ridge, shooting up into peaks, and the distant view of it would remind you of the Reeks, as I saw them about fifteen miles from Killarney. The mountain presents two sides to the sea ;—one as you approach from the main ocean, and another, as you turn a projection of the land to enter the mouth of the Tagus, which is completely hidden until you are in it. With a glass, I could distinctly see the numberless rocks that are confusedly scattered over its top, all loose and immensely large—scattered like the missiles of

the Titans, hurled back upon themselves. This is the appearance the mountain presents. On the top of the highest rock, of the highest peak, visible by the help of a telescope, is the convent of "*Nossa Senhora da Penha*"—our Lady of the Rock—which Byron calls "Our Lady's house of woe" mistaking *penha* for *pena*. It is 3000 feet above the sea at its base. On one side is a tremendous precipice ; on every other, it is surrounded by rocks, with narrow steep paths. Upon the mountain are the remains of a Moorish fort,—*O Castello dos Mauros*—presenting nothing but the foundations, and the ruins of several towers, with a small Mosque of two apartments, one large, seemingly for religious purposes, the other inside, as if for the use of the Priests. Upon the end wall of the latter, are engraved several stars, and Arabic characters. One of those peaks I have mentioned, is called the *Penha Verda*,—the green rock ; amid the naked rocks around it, being itself green to the very summit. It is well planted, and many of the trees are evergreens : it is watered by a thousand fountains. Do not suppose that the entire of Portugal is like this ; it is the very contrary ; except in a few favoured spots, all the rest is one unvarying brown surface, without verdure, wood, or water. In Our Lady of the rock, there are but two Fathers ; they are of the order called Jeromites. Cintra, for its green spots—for its shady trees here and there, for its coolness and abrupt change of hill and vale, has been called by some here, a little Ireland ; it is also more moist than the rest of Portugal. The English troops are all gone, and all is still quiet, and I think will be so, if France has not a finger in the pye."

It is to be regretted, that the suggestions in this letter, could not be possibly rendered available in the Notes to the Poems on their publication, in consequence of their having been mislaid at the time. "The lay of the Mizen head," mentioned in it, we fear has been irrecoverably lost : not so the Spanish translation, which, although omitted in the Poems, we gladly now publish. It would have been a pity indeed to have left it to the obscurity of the poet's corner of a Newspaper.

DE LA VIDA DEL CIELO.

(From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.)

Clime for ever fair and bright,
Cloudless region of the blest,
Summer's heat, or winter's blight,
Comes not o'er thy fields of light,
Yielder of endless joy and home of endless rest.

There his flock while fondly tending,
All unarmed with staff or sling,
Flowers of white or purple blending,
O'er his brow of beauty bending,
The heavenly shepherd walks the breathing fields of spring.

Still his look of love reposes
On the happy sheep he feeds,
With thine own undying roses,
Flowers no clime but thine discloses
And still the more they feast, more freshly bloom thy meads.

To thy hills in glory blushing,
Next his charge the shepherd guides ;
And in streams all sorrow hushing—
Streams of life in gladness gushing,
His happy flocks he bathes, and their high food provides.

And when sleep their eye encumbers
In the noontide radiance strong,
With his calumet's sweet numbers,
Lulls them in delicious slumbers.
And wrapt in holy dreams, they hear that trancing song.

At that pipe's melodious sounding,
Thrilling joys transfix the soul,
And in visions bright surrounding,
Up the ardent spirit bounding,
Springs on her pinions free to love's eternal gaol.

Minstrel of Heaven ! if earthward stealing,
This ear might catch thy faintest tone,
Then would thy voice's sweet revealing,
Drown my soul in holy feeling,
And this weak heart that strays, at length be all thine own.

Then with a joy that knows no speaking,
I'd wait thy smile from yon high shore,
And from earth's vile bondage breaking,
Thy bright home, good shepherd seeking,
Live with thy blessed flock—nor darkly wander more.

We have now traced Mr. Callanan through his brief and interesting career—alas too brief, and too clouded and obscured for its early promise,—a career which his friends had reasonably hoped might have been one of success and brilliancy, but he lived to blight these hopes ; and whilst he saw others with much less of genius, of talent, or of abilities, pursue a course of fame, and wealth, and honour which he might have trodden, he, like the hare in the fable, but too conscious of his strength, neglected its use, and was far out-distanced in the course.—Whilst fully impressed with the justice of admitting great allowances for the bitter disappointment of such early friends as had manifested a sincere anxiety for the young student's welfare, I cannot conceal the lasting regret which oppresses me, when I recollect how little of remonstrance had been used with him in the sudden abandonment of his collegiate course. His resolution had been very hastily formed and on very inconsiderate grounds. Doubts of a sincere vocation will sometimes obtrude themselves in the most virtuous and best regulated minds, which the reasonings of a kind and sensible counsellor will, if persevered in, assuredly remove ; and in Mr. Callanan's case, they appear not to have been of a deeper or more profound character than the majority of such instances, in which considerate explanation and salutary advice have been eminently successful. It has happened to myself to be one of the recipients of doubts of a similar nature which agitated the

heart of a clerical neophyte, and which under the pure and sedulous teachings of a superior mind were happily overcome, when he became ere many years an ornament to his profession, and a worthy dispenser of the Gospel Truth. However, Mr. Callanan had his apprehensions, and he was allowed to retain them.

There seemed to be, in one respect, a singular inconsistency in the character of the Minstrel, but on searching to its source so far from its being not only reconcileable in its contrariety, it would appear to have been a substantial ingredient in the eccentric composition. In the midst of those occasional aberrations from any steady pursuit which he frequently exhibited in his short career, whether arising from indolence or irresolution, there gleamed forth betimes an indomitable wilfulness and energy of purpose, which if it had been properly directed, and that habit had been brought to render that direction familiar or agreeable, would have doubtless insured him an eminent position in society. In other words, habit had from whatever cause it may have been acquired, the supreme mastery of his spirit, and unfortunately it was suffered to take an irregular, and injudicious direction. There are some sweet and thrillingly pathetic stanzas of the Poet in illustration of the legend of a seal which appear to have been peculiarly indicative of his own feelings, and touchingly applicable to the circumstances of his life. The Seal exhibited a boat at sea, and the north star solely visible in the Heavens, with the scroll, "Si je te perds, je suis perdu." He had himself neglected to keep a steady eye on the polar star, which should have been the object of his guidance through the waves of a strange and uncertain world, and the bark of his fortunes was prematurely overwhelmed in the carelessness of its career. He has been seldom indeed, known to utter a word in the way of complaint, of the coldness or inconstancy of such as were supposed to have manifested neglect towards him, or of the very embarrassing uncertainty and growing anxieties of his cheerless position in life. But he has often repeated those sweet and simple strains in his own fervid and impassioned manner,

until the sense of their peculiar application to his personal circumstances became almost too painful for endurance. He would then break off with some favourite joke, or humorous exclamation of forced hilarity, in order to dissipate the busy and embittering recollections of the moment. In such efforts it was easy to recognize the spirit that was struggling within whilst he seemingly disdained to give it expression.

The length to which this notice has run, checks our wish to enlarge on the subject, and the remainder of what we have to say, must be necessarily concise. Mr. Callanan's complaint, from which he had at various intervals more or less suffered for the last two years, had become so alarming, that, several months before his death, he was obliged to remove to Lisbon for the benefit of medical advice, but the virulence of the disorder, ulceration in the throat, defied all attempts for its removal; and hopeless of the struggle, he at length resolved to return to his native Isle, and at least have the melancholy consolation of breathing his last in the land of his birth.—With this intent, he actually had gone on board a vessel about sailing for Cork, when the symptoms of his disorder became so alarming, that he was obliged to abandon the attempt and return on shore, where, in a few days after,—on the 19th September 1829, he expired, in the 34th year of his age.

The date of his death, was almost simultaneous with that of the appearance and publication of his poems in Cork; and it is melancholy to reflect, that the period, which may in some measure be regarded as the commencement of his literary reputation, should be also noted as the termination of his earthly career.

In person Mr. Callanan was not remarkable. A finely formed head, a forehead high, ample, and beautifully fair, and a cast of countenance, finely intellectual, gave him an air of dignity that was peculiarly impressive. His voice was gentle and bland, and though its tones were low and soft, he recited poetry with great effect. His acquirements were considerable; his reading having extended, not only through the Greek and Roman Classics, but also over the wide and ample field of

French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Irish Literature. His patriotism was sincere, and his disposition and manners kind and conciliating. If the conduct of those with whom he sometimes came in contact, often left an unfavourable impression on his mind, its influence was but transient, for he was one always more disposed to regard the lights than the shadows of humanity. An ill word of a human being never escaped his lips ; if he could not speak favourably, he spoke not at all. He was an excellent critic, and a kind adviser of his less gifted literary friends. On a general review of his life, one grand fault will be seen entirely absorbing, and almost rendering nugatory, the possession of the splendid gifts nature had bestowed upon him. If his industry had been equal to his genius, few stood a better chance of atchieving greatness. As it is, his country has cause to weep for him ; since his Tyrtean strains like those of Moore, would have been a source of pride and gratification to her children. A further proof they would have likewise afforded the world, that her songs were the sweetest, and her lamentations the most pathetic of all the nations whose unhappy fate it has been to hang their harps upon the willows, and mourn amidst the ruins and recollections of their olden times.

THE
RECLUSE OF INCHIDONY.

ONCE more I'm free—the city's din is gone,
And with it wasted days and weary nights ;
But bitter thoughts will sometimes rush upon
The heart that ever lov'd its sounds or sights,
To you I fly, lone glens and mountain heights,
From all I hate and much I love—no more
Than this I seek, amid your calm delights,
To learn my spirit's weakness to deplore,
To strive against one vice, and gain one virtue more.

How firm are our resolves, how weak our strife,
We seldom man ourselves enough to brave
The syren tones that o'er the sea of life,
Breath dangerously sweet from pleasures cave ;
False are the lights she kindles o'er the wave,
Man knows her beacon's fatal gleam nor flies,
But as the bird which flight alone could save
Still loves the serpents fascinating eyes,
Man seeks that dangerous light and in th' enjoyment dies.

But even when pleasures cup the brightest glow'd
And to her revel loudest was the call,
I felt her palace was not my abode,
I fear'd the hand-writing upon the wall,
And said amid my blindness and my thrall,
Could I, as he of Nazareth did do,
But grasp the pillars of her dazzling hall,
And feel again the strength that once I knew
I'd crumble her proud dome, tho' I should perish too.

Is it existence 'mid the giddy throng
Of those who live but o'er the midnight bowl,
To revel in the dance, the laugh, the song,
And all that chains to earth th' immortal soul,
To breathe the tainted air of days that roll
In one dark round of vice—to hear the cries
Indignant virtue lifts to Glory's goal,
When with unfettered pinion she would rise
To deeds that laugh at death and live beyond the skies?

Not such at least should be the poet's life,
Heaven to his soul a nobler impulse gave,
His be the dwelling where there is no strife,
Save the wild conflict of the wind and wave,
His be the music of the ocean cave
When gentle waves forgetful of their war,
Its rugged breast with whispering fondness lave,
And as he gazes on the evening star,
His heart will heave with joys the world can never mar.

O Nature what art thou that thus can'st pour,
Such tides of holy feeling round the heart?—
In all thy various works at every hour,
How sweet the transport which thy charms impart,
But sweetest to the pensive soul thou art,
In this calm time to man in mercy given,
When the dark mists of Passion leave the heart,
And the free soul, her earthly fetters riven,
Spreads her aspiring wing and seeks her native heaven.

There is a bitterness in man's reproach,
Even when his voice is mildest, and we deem
That on our heaven-born freedom they encroach,
And with their frailties are not what they seem,
But the soft tones in star, in flower, or stream,
O'er the unresisting bosom gently flow,
Like whispers which some spirit in a dream,
Brings from her heaven to him she loved below,
To chide and win his heart, from earth and sin and woe.

Who, that e'er wandered in the calm blue night,
To see the moon upon some silent lake,
And as it trembled to her kiss of light,
Heard low soft sounds from its glad waters break,
Who that look'd upward to some mountain peak,
That rose disdaining earth—or o'er the sea
Sent eye, sent thought in vain its bounds to seek,
Who thus could gaze, nor wish his soul might be
Like those great works of God, sublime and pure and free?

Do I still see them, love them, live at last
Alone with Nature here to walk unseen?
To look upon the storms that I have pass'd
And think of what I might be or have been?
To read my life's dark page?—O beauteous queen
That won my boyish heart, and made me be
Thy inspiration's child—if on this green
And sea-girt hill I feel my spirit free,
Next to yon ocean's God, the praise be all to thee.

Spirit of Song! since first I wooed thy smile,
How many a sorrow hath this bosom known,
How many false ones did its truth beguile,
From thee and nature, while around it strown
Lay shattered hopes and feelings, thou alone
Above my path of darkness brightly rose,
Yielding thy light when other light was gone,
O be thou still the soother of my woes,
'Till the low voice of Death shall call me to repose.

I've seen the friend whose faith I thought was prov'd,
Like one he knew not, pass me heedless by,
I've marked the coldness of the maid I lov'd,
And felt the chill of her once beaming eye,
The bier of fond ones has received my sigh,
Yet am I not abandoned if among
The chosen few whose names can never die,
Thy smile shall light me life's dark waste along,
No friend but this wild lyre—no heritage but song.

'Tis a delightful calm! there is no sound,
Save the low murmur of the distant rill,
A voice from heaven is breathing all around
Bidding the earth and restless man be still,
Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's¹ hill,
And on the shore the shining ripples break,
Gently and whisperingly at Nature's will,
Like some fair child that on its mother's cheek,
Sinks fondly to repose in kisses pure and meek,

'Tis sweet when Earth and Heaven such silence keep,
With pensive step to gain some headland's height,
And look across the wide extended deep,
To where its farthest waters sleep in light,
Or gaze upon those orbs so fair and bright,
Still burning on in Heaven's unbounded space,
Like Seraphs bending o'er life's dreary night,
And with their look of love their smile of peace,
Wooing the weary soul to her high resting place.

Such was the hour the harp of Judah pour'd
Those strains no lyre of earth had ever rung,
When to the God his trembling soul adored
O'er the rapt chords the minstrel monarch hung—
Such was the time when Jeremiah sung
With more than Angel's grief the sceptre torn
From Israel's land, the desolate streets among
Ruin gave back his cry 'till cheerless morn,
Return thee to thy God, Jerusalem return,

Fair moon I too have lov'd thee, love thee still,
Tho' life to me hath been a chequered scene
Since first with boyhood's bound I climb'd the hill
To see the dark wave catch the silvery sheen,
Or when I sported on my native green
With many an innocent heart beneath thy ray,
Careless of what might come or what had been
When passions slept and virtue's holy ray
Shed its unsullied light round childhood's lovely day.

Yes I have loved thee, and while others spent
This hour of Heaven above the midnight bowl,
Oft to the lonely beach my steps were bent
That I might gaze on thee without controul,
That I might watch the white clouds round thee roll
Their drapery of Heaven thy smiles to veil,
As if too pure for man, 'till o'er my soul
Came that sweet sadness none can e'er reveal,
But passion'd bosoms know for they alone can feel.

O that I were once more what I was then
With soul unsullied and with heart unsear'd,
Before I mingled with the herd of men
In whom all trace of man had disappear'd ;
Before the calm pure morning star that cheer'd,
And sweetly lured me on to virtue's shrine
Was clouded—or the cold green turf was rear'd
Above the hearts that warmly beat to mine,
Could I be that once more I need not now repine.

What form is that in yonder anchor'd bark
Pacing the lonely deck, when all beside
Are hush'd in sleep?—tho' undefined and dark
His bearing speaks him one of birth and pride :
Now he leans o'er the vessel's landward side,
'This way his eye is turn'd—hush did I hear
A voice as if some lov'd one just had died.
'Tis from yon ship that wail comes on mine ear,
And now o'er ocean's sleep it floats distinct and clear.

SONG.

On Cleada's² hill the moon is bright,
Dark Avondu³ still rolls in light,
All changeless is that mountain's head
That river still seeks ocean's bed,
The calm blue waters of Loch Lene
Still kiss their own sweet isles of green,
But where's the heart as firm and true
As hill, or lake, or Avondu?

It may not be, the firmest heart
From all it loves must often part,
A look, a word will quench the flame
That time or fate could never tame,
And there are feelings proud and high
That thro' all changes cannot die,
That strive with love and conquer too;
I knew them all by Avondu.

How cross and wayward still is fate
I've learn'd at last but learn'd too late,
I never spoke of love, 'twere vain,
I knew it, still I dragg'd my chain,

I had not, never had a hope
But who 'gainst passion's tide can cope.
Headlong it swept this bosom thro'
And left it waste by Avondu.

O Avondu I wish I were
As once upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine
On the wild breast of Meenganine,
I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenluachra's rushy rill,
But no!—I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondu.

Farewell ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks^t
Farewell ye mists that lov'd to ride
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side,
Farewell November's moaning breeze,
Wild Minstrel of the dying trees,
Clara! a fond farewell to you
No more we meet by Avondu.

No more—but thou O glorious hill
Lift to the moon thy forehead still,
Flow on, flow on, thou dark swift river
Upon thy free wild course for ever,
Exult young hearts in lifetime's spring
And taste the joys pure love can bring,
But wanderer go—they're not for you!
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondu.

Stranger thy lay is sad, I too have felt
That which for worlds I would not feel again,
At beauty's shrine devoutly have I knelt,
And sighed my prayer of love but sigh'd in vain ;
Yet 'twas not coldness, falsehood, or disdain
That crush'd my hopes and cast me far away,
Like shatter'd bark upon a stormy main
'Twas pride, the heritage of sin and clay
Which darkens all that's bright, in young Love's sunny
day.

'Tis past—I've conquered and my bonds are broke,
Tho' in the conflict well nigh broke my heart,
Man cannot tear him from so sweet a yoke
Without deep wounds that long will bleed and smart.
Lov'd one, but lost one!—yes to me thou art
As some fair vision of a dream now flown,
A wayward fate hath made us meet and part,
Yet have we parted nobly ; be mine own
The grief that e'er we met—that e'er I live alone !

But man was born for suffering, and to bear
Even pain is better than a dull repose,
'Tis noble to subdue the rising tear,
'Tis glorious to outlive the heart's sick throes ;
Man is most man amid the heaviest woes,
And strongest when least human aid is given,
The stout bark founders when the tempest blows,
The mountain oak is by the lightning ripen,
But what can crush the mind that lives alone with heaven?

Deep in the solitude of his own heart
With his own thoughts he'll hold communion high,
Tho' with his fortune's ebb false friends depart
And leave him on life's desart shore to lie
Tho' all forsake him and the world belie—
The world, that fiend of scandal, strife, and crime,
Yet has he that which cannot change or die,
His spirit still thro' fortune, fate and time,
Lives like an Alpine peak, lone, stainless, and sublime.

Well spoke the Moralist who said "the more
I mixed with men the less a man I grew ;"
Who can behold their follies nor deplore
The many days he prodigally threw
Upon their sickening vanities—ye few
In whom I sought for men, nor sought in vain,
Proud without pride—in friendship firm and true,
Oh ! that some far off island of the main
Held you and him you love—the wish is but a pain,

My wishes are all such—no joy is mine
Save thus to stray my native wilds among
On some lone hill an idle verse to twine
Whene'er my spirit feels the gusts of song,
They come but fitfully nor linger long,
And this sad harp ne'er yields a tone of pride,
Its voice ne'er pour'd the battle-tide along
Since freedom sunk beneath the Saxon's stride,
And by the assassin's steel the grey-hair'd Desmond^d died.

Ye deathless stories and immortal songs,
That live triumphant o'er the waste of time,
To whose inspiring breath alone belongs
To bid man's spirit walk on earth sublime,
Know his own worth and nerve his heart to climb
The mountain steeps of glory and of fame :
How vainly would my cold and feeble rhyme
Burst the deep slumber, or light up the shame,
Of men who still are slaves amid your voice of flame.

Yet outcast of the nations, lost one yet
How can I look on thee nor try to save,
Or in thy degradation all forget,
That 'twas thy breast that nurs'd me tho' a slave ;
Still do I love thee for the life you gave,
Still shall this harp be heard above thy sleep,
Free as the wind and fearless as the wave,
Perhaps in after days thou yet may'st leap,
At strains unheeded now when I lie cold and deep.

Sad one of Desmond, could this feeble hand
But teach thee tones of freedom and of fire,
Such as were heard o'er Hellas' glorious land,
From the high Lesbian harp or Chian lyre,
Thou should'st not wake to sorrow, but aspire
To themes like theirs ; but yonder see where hurl'd
The crescent prostrate lies—the clouds retire
From freedom's heaven—the cross is wide unfurl'd,
There breaks again that light—the beacon of the World.

Is it a dream that mocks thy cheerless doom ?
Or hast thou heard, fair Greece, her voice at last,
And brightly bursting from thy mouldering tomb,
Hast thou thy shroud of ages from thee cast ?
High swelling in Cantabria's mountains blast,
And Lusitanian hills that summons rung
Like the Archangel's voice, and as it past,
Quick from their death-sleep many a nation sprung
With hearts by freedom fir'd and hands for freedom
strung.

Heavens ! 'tis a lovely soul entrancing sight
To see thy sons careering o'er that wave,
Which erst in Salamis' immortal fight,
Bore their proud galleys 'gainst the Persian slave :
Each billow then that was a tyrant's grave
Now bounds exulting round their gallant way,
Joyous to feel once more the free—the brave
High lifted on their breast—as on that day
When Hellas' shout peal'd high along her conquering bay.

Nurseling of freedom ! from her mountain nest
She early taught thine eagle-wing to soar,
With eye undazzled and with fearless breast
To heights of glory never reached before.
Far on the cliff of time all grand and hoar,
Proud of her charge thy lofty deeds she rears
With her own deathless trophies blazon'd o'er,
As mind-marks for the gaze of after years—
Vainly they journey on—no match for thee appears.

But be not thine, fair land, the dastard strife
Of yon degenerate race—along their plains
They heard that call—they started into life,
They felt their limbs a moment free from chains :
The foe came on :—but shall the minstrel's strains
Be sullied by the story—hush my lyre
Leave them amidst the desolate waste that reigns
Round tyranny's dark march of lava fire—
Leave them amid their shame—their bondage to expire.

Oh be not thine such strife—there heaves no sod
Along thy fields but hides a hero's head,
And when you charge for freedom and for God,
Then—then be mindful of the mighty dead !
Think that your field of battle is the bed
Where slumber hearts that never fear'd a foe,
And while you feel at each electric tread
Their spirit thro' your veins indignant glow
Strong be your sabres sway for Freedom's vengeful blow.

O, sprung from those who by Eurotas dwelt,
Have ye forgot their deeds on yonder plain
When pouring through the pass, the Persian felt
The band of Sparta was not there in vain—
Have ye forgot how o'er the glorious slain
Greece bade her bard the immortal story write—
O if your bosoms one proud thought retain
Of those who perished in that deathless fight,
Awake, like them be free, or sleep with names as bright.

Relics of heroes, from your glorious bed
Amid your broken slumbers do ye feel
The rush of war loud thundering o'er your head?
Hear ye the sound of Hellas' charging steel
Hear ye their victor cry—the Moslem's reel?
On Greeks, for freedom on, they fly—they fly;
Heav'ns how the aged mountains know that peal,
Thro' all their echoing tops while grand and high
Thermopylæ's deep voice gives back the proud reply.

Oh for the pen of him whose bursting tear
Of childhood told his fame in after days,
Oh for that Bard to Greece and Freedom dear,
The Bard of Lesbos with his kindling lays,
To hymn, regenerate land, thy lofty praise,
Thy brave unaided strife—to tell the shame
Of Europe's free-est sons who 'mid the rays
Thro' time's far vista blazing from thy name,
Caught no ennobling glow from that immortal flame.

Not even the deeds of him who late afar
Shook the astonished nations with his might,
Not even the deeds of her whose wings of war
Wide o'er the ocean stretch their victor flight,—
Not they shall rise with half the unbroken light
Above the waves of time fair Greece as thine;
Earth never yet produced in Heaven's high sight,
Thro' all her climates offerings so divine
As thy proud sons have paid at Freedom's sacred shrine.

Ye isles of beauty from your dwelling blue
Lift up to Heaven that shout unheard too long,
Ye mountains steep'd in glory's distant hue
If with you lives the memory of that song
Which freedom taught you, the proud strain prolong,
Echo each name that in her cause hath died
'Till grateful Greece enrol them with the throng
Of her illustrious sons who on the tide
Of her immortal verse eternally shall glide.

And be not his forgot, the ocean bard
Whose heart and harp in Freedom's cause were strung,
For Greece self-exiled, seeking no reward,
Tyrtæus of his time for Greece he sung :
For her on Moslem spears his breast he flung.
Many bright names in Hellas met renown
But brighter ne'er in song or story rung
Than his, who late for freedom laid him down
And with the Minstrel's wreath entwined her martyr's
crown.

That Minstrel sings no more ! from yon sad isles
A voice of wail was heard along the deep,
Britannia caught the sound amid her smiles
Forgot her triumph songs and turned to weep.
Vainly her grief is pour'd above his sleep,
He feels it, hears it not ! the pealing roar
Of the deep thunder and the tempest's sweep
That call'd his spirit up so oft before,
May shout to him in vain ! their Minstrel wakes no more !

That moment heard ye the despairing shriek
Of Missolonghi's daughters ? did ye hear
That cry from all the Islands of the Greek,
And the wild yell of Suli's mountaineer,
Th' Illyrian starting dropp'd his forward spear,
The fierce Chimariot leant upon his gun,
From his stern eye of battle dropp'd the tear
For him who died that Freedom might be won
For Greece and all her race. 'Tis gain'd, but he is gone.

Too short he dwelt amongst us and too long,
Where is the bard of earth will now aspire
To soar so high upon the wing of song ?
Who shall inherit now his soul of fire ?
His spirit's dazzling light ?—vain man retire
Mid the wild heath of Albyn's loneliest glen,
Leave to the winds that now forsaken lyre,
Until some angel-bard come down again
And wake once more those strains, too high, too sweet
for men.

The sun still sets along Morea's hill,
The moon still rises o'er Cithæron's height ;
But where is he, the bard whose matchless skill
Gave fresher beauty to their march of light ?
The blue Ægean o'er whose waters bright
Was pour'd so oft the enchantment of his strain
Seeks him ; and thro' the wet and starless night
The Peaks-of-thunder flash and shout in vain,
For him who sung their strength—he ne'er shall sing
again.

What tho' descended from a lofty line
Earth's highest honours waited his command,
And bright his father's coronet did shine
Around his brow, he scorn'd to take his stand
With those whose names must die—a nobler band,
A deathless fame his ardent bosom fired,
From Glory's mount he saw the promised land
To which his anxious spirit long aspired,
And then in Freedom's arms exulting he expired.

You who delight to censure feeble man,
Wrapt in self-love to your own failings blind,
Presume not with your narrow view to scan
The aberrations of a mighty mind;
His course was not the path of human-kind,
His destinies below were not the same,
With passions headlong as the tempest-wind
His spirit wasted in its own strong flame,
A wandering star of Heaven, he's gone from whence he
came.

But while the sun looks down upon those Isles
That laugh in beauty o'er the Ægean deep,
Long as the moon shall shed her placid smiles
Upon the fields where Freedom's children sleep—
Long as the bolt of Heaven—the tempest's sweep
With Rhodope or Athos war shall wage,
And its triumphant sway the cross shall keep
Above the crescent, even from age to age
Shall Byron's name shine bright on Hellas' deathless
page.

Bard of my boyhood's love, farewell to thee ;
I little deemed that e'er my feeble lay
Should wait thy doom—these eyes so soon should see
The clouding of thy spirit's glorious ray ;
Fountain of beauty, on life's desert way,
Too soon thy voice is hush'd—thy waters dried :
Eagle of song too short thy pinion's sway
Career'd in its high element of pride,
Weep ! blue-eyed Albyn, weep ! with him thy glory died !

O ! could my lyre, this inexperienced hand
Like that high master-bard thy spirit sway,
Not such weak tribute should its touch command,
Immortal as the theme should be thy lay
But meeter honours loftier harps shall pay,
The harps of freeborn men—enough for me
If as I journey on life's weary way
Mourner I rest awhile to weep with thee,
O'er him who lov'd our land, whose voice would make
her free.

My country, must I still behold thy tears
And watch the sorrows of thy long dark night ?
No sound of joy thy desolation cheers,
Thine eyes have look'd in vain for freedom's light ;
Then set thy sun and wither'd all thy might,
When first you stooped beneath the Saxon yoke,
And thy high harp that called to Freedom's fight,
Since then forgot the strains that once it woke,
And like the Benshee's cry, of death alone hath spoke,

Is this the Atlantic that before me rolls
In its eternal freedom round thy shore?
Hath its grand march no moral yet for souls?
Is there no sound of glory in its roar?
Must man alone be abject evermore?
Slave! hast thou ever gaz'd upon that sea?
When the strong' wind its wrathful billows bore
'Gainst earth, did not their mission seem to be,
To lash thee into life, and teach thee to be free?

But no! thine heart is broke, thine arm is weak
Who thus could see God's image not to sigh,
Famine hath plough'd his journeys on thy cheek,
Despair hath made her dwelling in thine eye,
The lordly Churchman rides unheeding by,
He fattens on the sweat that dries thy brain,
The very dogs that in his kennel lie
Hold revels to thy fare! but don't complain
He has the cure of souls—the law doth so ordain.

Could England's sons but see what I have seen,
Thy wretched fare when home at night you go,
Thy cot of mud where never sound has been
But groans of famine, of disease and woe,
Thy naked children shivering in the snow,
The wet cold straw on which your limbs recline,
Saw they but these their wealth they would forego,
To know you still retained one spark divine,
To hear your mountain shout and see your charging line.

England! thou free'st noblest of the world,
O may the minstrel never live to see
Against thy sons the flag of green unfurl'd,
Or his own land thus aim at liberty;
May their sole rivalry for ever be
Such as the Gallic despot dearly knew,
When English hearts and Irish chivalry
Strove who should first be where the eagle flew,
And high their conquering shout arose o'er Waterloo.

But prison'd winds will round their caverns sweep
Until they burst them, then the hills will quake.
The lava-rivers will for ages sleep
But nations tremble when in wrath they wake.
Erin has hearts by mountain, glen and lake,
That wrongs or favors never can forget,
If lov'd they'll die for you, but trampled, break
At last their long dark silence—you have met
Their steel in foreign fields, they've hands can wield it
yet.

Too long on such dark themes my song hath run;
Eugenio 'tis meet it now should end,
It was no lay of gladness but 'tis done,
I bid farewell to it and thee my friend:
I do not hope that the cold world will lend
To sad and selfish rhymes a patient ear,
Enough for me if while I darkly bend
O'er my own troubled thoughts, one heart is near
That feels my joy or grief, with sympathy sincere.

I have not suffer'd more than worthier men,
Nor of my share of ill do I complain,
But other hearts will find some refuge when
Above them lower the gathering clouds of pain,
The world has vanities and man is vain,
The world has pleasures and to these they fly,
I too have tried them but they left a stain
Upon my heart, and as their tide roll'd by,
The cares I sought to drown, emerged with sterner eye.

Thou hast not often seen my clouded brow ;
The tear I strove with, thou hast never seen,
The load of life that did my spirit bow
Was hid beneath a calm or mirthful mien ;
The wild flowers blossom and the dew-drops sheen
Will fling their light and beauty o'er the spot,
Where in its cold dark chamber all unseen
The water trickles thro' the lonely grot,
And weeps itself to stone—such long hath been my lot.

It matters not what was, or is the cause,
I wish not even thy faithful breast to know
The grief which magnet-like my spirit draws
True to itself above life's waves of woe,
The gleams of happiness I feel below,
Awhile may play around me and depart
Like sunlight on the eternal hills of snow,
It gilds their brow but never warms their heart,
Such cold and cheerless beam doth joy to me impart.

The night is spent, our task is ended now,
See yonder steals the green and yellow light,
The lady of the morning lifts her brow
Gleaming thro' dews of Heaven, all pure and bright,
The calm waves heave with tremulous delight,
The far Seven-Heads⁶ thro' mists of purple smile,
The lark ascends from Inchidony's height,
'Tis morning—sweet one of my native Isle,
Wild voice of Desmond hush—go rest thee for awhile.

ACCESSION

OF

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

ON Albion's cliffs the sun is bright,
And still Saint George's sea,
O'er her blue hills emerging height
Hover soft clouds of silvery light,
As in expectancy;
The barks that seek the sister shore
Fly gallantly the breeze before,
Like messengers of joy,
And light is every bosom's bound,
And the bright eyes that glance around,
Sparkle with transport high,
Hark! the cannon's thundering voice
Bids every British heart rejoice,
Upon this glorious day.
Slowly the lengthened files advance
Mid trumpet swell and war-horse prance,
While sabre's sheen and glittering lance
Blaze in the noontide ray,
Streamer and flag from each mast head
On the glad breeze their foldings fling,

The bells their merry peals ring out,
And kerchiefs wave and banners flout
And joyous thousands loudly shout,
Huzza for George our King !

'Tis night—calm night, and all around
The listening ear can catch no sound,
The shouts that with departing day
Less frequent burst—have died away,
The moon slow mounts the cloudless sky
With modest brow and pensive eye,
Thames owns her presence with delight
And trembles to her kiss of night,
Far down along his course serene,
The liquid flash of oars is seen
Advancing on with measured sweep,
Lovely to view is the time they keep,
And hark ! the voice of melody
Comes o'er the waters joyously,
It is from that returning boat
Those sweet sounds of triumph float,
And nearer as she glides along
Mingling with music swells the song.

SONG.

Britannia exult on thy throne of blue waters,
In the midst of thine Islands thou queen of the sea,
And loud be the hymn of thy fair bosom'd daughters
To hail the high chief of the brave and the free.

While o'er the subject deep
 Proudly your navies sweep,
 Tars of old England still shout o'er the main,
 'Till the green depths of ocean ring,
 God save great George our King,
 Honor and glory and length to his reign.

Hush'd be your war song ye sons of the mountain,
 Pibroch of Donald Dhu mute be thy voice,
 Wizard that slept by Saint Fillan's grey fountain,
 With loyalty's rapture bid Scotia rejoice,
 Then to your stayless spear
 Albyn's brave mountaineer,
 Should foemen awake your wild slogan again,
 And loud o'er the battle sing
 God save great George our King,
 Honor and glory and length to his reign.

Strike thy wild harp yon green Isle of the ocean,
 And light as thy mirth be the sound of its strain,
 And welcome with Erin's own burst of emotion,
 The Prince that shall loose the last links of thy chain,
 And like the joyous cry
 Hellas' sons raised on high,
 When they stood like their fathers all free on the plain,
 Up the glad chorus fling
 God save great George our King,
 Honor and glory and length to his reign.

Chief of the mighty and the free
 Thy joyous Britain welcomes thee,
 Her longing eyes have watch'd afar
 The mounting of thy promised star,

Beneath its influence benign
 Long may she kneel at Freedom's shrine.
 Its rising o'er Saint George's main
 Ierne hails with glad acclaim,
 Dear as to Hellas' weary few
 Their own blue wave roll'd full in view,
 Such Erin's song of Jubilee
 And such her hopes O Prince from thee.—

From thee, for thy young steps have stray'd
 In converse with the Athenian maid,
 Listen'd to Virtue's high reward
 As taught by sage or sung by bard,
 Smil'd at Anacreon's sportive lyre
 Or glow'd at Pindar's strain of fire,
 Or heard the flood of Freedom roll'd
 From lips that now alas! are cold,
 For ever cold in that dark tomb
 Where Britain mourns her Fox's doom.—
 Nurtur'd with these, by these refin'd,
 She watch'd with joy thy opening mind,
 Young as thou wert she then could see
 That Erin's weal was dear to thee,
 And look'd with transport to the day
 Would yield the sceptre to thy sway.

* * * * *

'Tis done—on yonder deathless field
 Ambition clos'd her bloody game,
 Bent darkly o'er her shatter'd shield
 And dropp'd her tear of flame,

Europe beheld with glistening eye
Her wrongs aveng'd—her fetters riven,
And peace and mercy from on high,
Diffus'd once more the gifts of Heaven,
With Britain's genius hand in hand,
Long may they wait on thy command,
Long to our vows may they remain
To bless O Prince thy prosperous reign,
And waft Britannia's halcyon day
To every land that owns thy sway.

Yes even to those stranger-lands
Where Niger rolls thro' burning sands ;
Where fragrant spirits ever sigh
On the fresh breeze of Yemen's sky,
Or where indulgent nature smiles
On her Pelew or Friendly Isles,
Commerce and Peace shall waft thy fame
And teach the world their George's name.

In yon fair land of sunny skies
Where Brahma hears her children's sighs
And Avarice with her demon crew
Drains to the life the meek Gentoo,
Justice no more shall plead in vain
But point to thine avenging reign.

Ganges now no more shall hear,
As on he rolls his sacred water,
The clash of arms—the shout of fear
Redden no more with kindred slaughter ;

The Hindoo maid shall fearless stray
At eve his peaceful banks along,
And dance to Scotia's sprightly lay
Or weep at Erin's plaintive song,
Or sit amid Ocacia bowers
That hang their cooly shade above her,
And as she twines the fairest flowers
To deck the brows of her young lover,
She'll think from whence these pleasures came,
Look to the west and bless thy name.

Far o'er the wave where Erin draws
The sword in Heaven's best, holiest cause,
And sees her green flag proudly sail
Aloft on Chili's mountain gale,
When swells her harp with freedom's sound
And freedom's bowl goes circling round,
Then shall the cup be crown'd to thee
Sparkling with smiles of Liberty.

The glorious task O Prince be thine
To guard thy Britain's sacred shrine,
To watch o'er Freedom's vestal fire,
Call forth the spirit of the lyre,
Bid worth and genius honor'd be,
Unbind the slave—defend the free,
And bring again o'er ocean's foam
The wandering Pargiot to his home.
Children of Parga are ye gone—
Children of Freedom shall her song
Echo no more your cliffs among?

Shall barbarous Moslem rites profane
The shrines that bow'd to Issa's name,
To guard your shores from despot's tread
Was it in vain your fathers bled,
'Till every rock, and every wave
Around them, was a Pargiot's grave?
Oh! that their sons should ever roam
O'er ocean's waste to seek a home,
Oh! that the dwelling of the free—
Parga! that thou should'st sullied be,
By tread of Moslem tyranny.

Oh Greece thou ever honor'd name,
Even in thy bondage and thy shame
Fondly around each youthful mind,
By all thy classic ties entwined,
How shall this lay address the free
Nor turn aside sweet land to thee,
Mother of arts and Liberty.
From thy bright pages first I drew
The soul that makes me part of you,
There caught that spark of heavenly fire
If such e'er warms the minstrel's lyre,
If e'er it breathes one wakening tone
O'er freedom's slumbers—'tis thine own.

Oh! after bondage dark and long
Could I but hear young freedom's song,
And scatter'd see the Moslem's pride
Before thy battle's whelming tide,
On that red field I'd gladly lie,
My requiem—thy conquering cry.

Heavens ! mid the sons of godlike sires,
Is there no soul whom freedom fires,
And is the lyre of Lesbos hung
In slavery's hall, unswept unstrung,
Is every glorious relic lost

Of that immortal patriot's ashes,
That on the winds of freedom tost,

Where Salamis' blue billow dashes,
Floated all burning from their pile

And slept on continent and isle,

As if to fire with that embrace

His native land and all her race ?

It cannot be—there yet remain

Some sparks of that high spirit's flame ;

Oh wake them with thy kindling breath

Oh call a nation back from death.

Yes captives ! yes, at his command

Methinks I see Britannia stand,

Where stood and died the Spartan band,

Where rising o'er Thermopylæ

Thessalia's mountains view the sea,

Sparkling with all its sunny isles

Oh how can slavery wear such smiles ?—

And Marathon's, Plataea's plain

And Thebes whose heroes died in vain,

To each immortal scene about

The Queen of ocean sends her shout,

While hill and plain and isle around

Answer to freedom's long lost sound.

Sons of the mighty and the wise,

Sons of the Greeks, awake !—arise !

By all your wrongs—by all your shame,
By freedom's self, that blessed name,
Think of the fields your fathers fought :
Think of the rights they dying bought,
Hark ! hark ! they call you from their skies
Sons of the mighty, wake—arise !

And oh my country shall there be
From these wild chords no prayer for thee ?
Land of the minstrel's holiest dream,
Land of young beauty's brightest beam,
The fearless heart—the open hand—
My own—my dear—my native land !

And can the noble and the wise,
A nation's rightful prayer despise,
Can they who boast of being free,
Refuse that blessed boast to thee ?
See yonder aged warrior brave
Whose blood has been on sward and wave,
Is he refused his valour's meed
Because he loves his father's creed ?
Or is there in that creed alone,
What Valour, Genius, should disown ;
To its found votary is there given
Less of the mounting flame of Heaven,
When his young hand essays the lyre,
Oh ! can he wake no tone of fire ?
Does war's stern aspect blanch his cheek
Does foeman find his arm more weak,
His eye less bright ? Oh let them say
Who saw the sabre's fearful sway,

Cleave its red path thro' many a fray,
Who saw his minstrel banner waving
Where war's wild din was wildest raving,
And heard afar the onset cry
Of hearts that know to win, or die.

Oh Britain had we never known
The kindling breath of Freedom zone,
Or vanquish'd, had we still remained
In slavery's deepest dungeon chained,
Without one ray of freedom's sun
To wake our sighs for glories gone,
Such cheerless thraldom we might bear
With the dark meekness of despair ;
But the chained Eagle when he sees
His mates upon the mountain breeze,
And marks their free wing upward soar
To heights his own oft reach'd before,
Again that kindred clime he seeks,
Bold bird 'tis vain—thy wild heart breaks !

Oh monarch ! by a monarch's name,
By the high line from whence you came,
By that, to each proud spirit dear,
The lofty name that dies not here,
With life's short day—but round the tomb
Breathes Immortality's perfume,
By Royalty's protecting hand,
Look on my dear—my native land.

RESTORATION
OF THE
SPOILS OF ATHENS.

RAISE, Athens, raise thy loftiest tone,
Eastward the tempest cloud hath blown,
Vengeance hung darkly on its wing,
It burst in ruin ;—Athens ring
Thy loudest peal of triumphing ; }
Persia is fallen : in smouldering heaps,
Her grand, her stately City sleeps ;
Above her towers exulting high
Susa has heard the victor's cry,
And Ecbatana, nurse of pride,
Tells where her best, her bravest died.
Persia is sad,—her virgin's sighs
Thro' all her thousand states arise,
Along Arbela's purple plain
Shrieks the wild wail above the slain ;
Long, long shall Persia curse the day,
When at the voice of despot sway,
Her millions marched o'er Helle's wave,
To chain—vain boast—the free, the brave.

Raise, Athens, raise thy triumph song !
Yet louder yet, the peal prolong !
Aveng'd at length our slaughter'd sires ;
Aveng'd the waste of Persian fires,
And these dear relics of the brave,
Torn from their shrines by Satrap slave,
The spoils of Persia's haughty King
Again are thine—ring, Athens ring !

Oh ! Liberty, delightful name,
The land that once hath felt thy flame,
That lov'd thy light, but wept its clouding,
Oh ! who can tell her joy's dark shrouding ;
But if to cheer that night of sorrow
Mem'ry a ray of thine should borrow,
That on her tears and on her woes,
Sheds one soft beam of sweet repose,
Oh ! who can tell her bright revealing,
Her deep—her holy thrills of feeling.

So Athens felt, as fix'd her gaze,
On her proud wealth of better days ;
'Twas not the Tripod's costly frame,
Nor vase that told its artist's fame,
Nor veils high wrought with skill divine,
That graced the old Minerva's shrine,
Nor marble bust where vigour breath'd,
And beauty's living ringlets wreath'd,
Not these could wake that joyous tone,
Those transports long unfelt—unknown—
'Twas memory's vision robed in light,
That rush'd upon her raptur'd sight,

Warm from the fields where freedom strove,
Fresh with the wreaths that freedom wove,
This bless'd her then, if that could be,—
If ought is blest that is not free.

But did no voice exulting raise
To that high Chief the song of praise,
And did no peal of triumph ring,
For Macedon's victorious King,
Who from the foe those spoils had won ;
Was there no shout for Philip's son ?
No—Monarch—no—what is thy name,
What is thine high career of fame,
From its first field of youthful pride
Where Valour failed and Freedom died,
Onward by mad ambition fired
'Till Greece beneath its march expired ?
Let the base herd to whom thy gold
Is dearer than the rights they sold,
In secret, to their Lord and King
That foul unholy incense fling ;
But let no slave exalt his voice
Where hearts in glory's trance rejoice :
Oh breathe not now her tyrant's name
Oh wake not yet Athenæ's shame.

Would that the hour when Xerxes' ire
Wrapt fair Athenæ's walls in fire,
All, all had perished in the blaze
And that had been her last of days !
Gone down in that bright shroud of glory
The loveliest wreck in after story ;

Or when her children forced to roam,
 Freedom their star—the waves their home,
 Near Salamis' immortal isle
 Would they had slept in victory's smile ;
 Or Cheronea's fatal day
 While fronting Slavery's dark array,
 Had seen them¹ bravely, nobly die,
² Bosom on gushing bosom lie,
 Piling fair freedom's breast work high,
 Ere one Athenian should remain
 To languish life in captive chain,
 Or basely wield a freeman's sword
 Beneath a Macedonian lord.
 Such then was Greece, tho' conquer'd, chain'd,
 Some pride, some virtue, yet remain'd ;
 And as the sun when down he glides
 Slowly behind the mountains' sides,
 Leaves in the cloud that robes the hill,
 His own bright image burning still,
 Thus freedom's lingering flushes shone
 O'er Greece,—the freedom's self was gone.

Such then was Greece ! how fallen, how low,
 Yet great even then, what is she now ?
 Who can her many woes deplore,
 Who shall her freedom's spoils restore,
 Darkly above her slavery's night
 The crescent sheds its lurid light ;
 Upon her breaks no cheering ray,
 No beam of freedom's lovely day ;

But there—deep shrouded in her doom,
There now is Greece—a living tomb,
Look at her sons and seek in vain,
The indignant brow, the high disdain,
With which the proud soul drags her chain :
The living spark of latent fire
That smoulders on, but can't expire,
That bright beneath the lowering lashes
Will burst at times in angry flashes,
Like Etna, fitful slumbers taking,
To be but mightier in its waking,
Spirits of those whose ashes sleep

For freedom's cause in glory's bed !

Oh do you sometimes come and weep

That, that is lost for which ye bled,

That e'er barbarian flag should float

O'er your own home, in victory's pride,

That e'er should ring barbarian shout

Where Wisdom taught and Valour died.

Oh for that Minstrel's soul of fire

That breath'd, and Sparta's arm was strong !

Oh for some master of the lyre

To wake again that kindling song !

And if sweet land aught lives of thee,

What Hellas was she yet may be,

Freedom, like her to Orpheus given,

May visit yet her home—her heaven.

THE REVENGE
OF
DONAL COMM.

'Tis midnight, and November's gale
Sweeps hoarsely down Glengarav's (¹) vale,
Thro' the thick rain its fitful tone
Shrieks like a troubled Spirit's moan,
The Moon that from her cloud at eve
Looked down on Ocean's gentle heave,
And bright on lake and mountain shone,
Now wet and darkling, journeys on ;
From the veiled Heaven there breaks no ray
To guide the traveller on his way,
Save when the lightning gilds awhile,
The craggy peak of Sliav-na-goil,
Or its far-streaming flashes fall
Upon Glengarav's mountain wall,
And kindles with its angry streak
The rocky zone it may not break—
At times is heard the distant roar
Of billows warring 'gainst the shore,
And rushing from their native hills
The voices of a thousand rills,
Come shouting down the mountain's side,
When the deep thunder's peal hath died.

How fair at sunset to the view
On its lov'd rock th' Arbutus grew,
How motionless the heather lay
In the deep gorge of that wild bay,
Thro' the tall forest not a breeze
Disturbed the silence of the trees,
O'er the calm scene their foliage red
A venerable glory shed,
And sad and sombre beauty gave
To the wild hill and peaceful wave.

To-morrow's early dawn will find
That beauty scatter'd on the wind;
To-morrow's sun will journey on
And see the forest's glory gone,
Th' Arbutus shiver'd on the rock
Beneath the tempest's angry shock,
+ The monarch Oak all scatch'd and riven
By the red arrowy bolt of heaven,
While not a leaf remains behind
Save some lone mourner of its kind,
Wither'd and drooping on its bough
Like him who treads that valley now.

Alone he treads—still on the blast
The sheeted rain is driving fast,
And louder peals the thunder's crash,
Louder the ocean's distant dash—
Amid the elemental strife
He walks as reckless, as if life
Were but a debt he'd freely pay
To the next flash that crossed his way;

Yet is there something in his air
Of purpose firm that mocks despair,
What that, and whither he would go
Thro' storm and darkness none may know,
But his unerring steps can tell,
There's not a deer in that wild dell,
Can track its mazy depths so well.

He gains the shore—his whistle shrill
Is answer'd—ready at his will,
In a small cove his pinnacle lay,
“Weigh quick my lads, I cross the bay.”
No question ask they, but a cheer
Proclaims their bosoms know not fear.
Sons of the mountain and the wave,
They shrink not from a billowy grave,
Those hearts have oft braved death before,
'Mid Erin's rocks and Biscay's roar,
Each lightly holds the life he draws,
If it but serve his Chieftain's cause ;
And thinks his toil full well he pays,
If he bestow one word of praise.

At length they've clear'd the narrow bay,
Up with the sails, away! away!
O'er the broad surge she flies as fleet
As on the tempest's wing the sleet,
And fearless as the sea-bird's motion
Across his own wild fields of ocean.
Tho' winds may wave and seas o'erwhelm,
There is a hand upon that helm,

+ That can controul its trembling pow'r,
And quits it not in peril's hour;
Full frequently from sea to sky
That Chieftain looks with anxious eye,
But nought can he distinguish there
More desperate than his heart's despair.

On yonder shore what means that light
That flings its murky flame thro' night?
Along the margin of the ocean
It moves with slow and measured motion;
Another follows, and behind
Are torches flickering in the wind.
Hark! heard you on the dying gale
From yonder cliffs the voice of wail?
'Twas but the tempest's moaning sigh,
Or the wild sea-bird's lonely cry.
Hush! there again, I know it well,
It is the sad Ululla's (?) swell,
That mingles with the death-bell's toll
Its grief for some departed soul.

Inver-na-marc (?) thy rugged shore
Is altered since the days of yore,
Where once ascending from the town
A narrow path looked fearful down,
O'er the bleak cliffs which wildly gave
Their rocky bosom to the wave,
A beauteous and unrivalled sweep
Of beach, extends along the deep;
Above is seen a sloping plain,
With princely house and fair domain,

Where erst the deer from covert dark
Gazed wildly on the anchor'd bark,
Or listened the deep copse among
To hear the Spanish ⁽⁴⁾ seaman's song,
Come sweetly floating up the bay,
With the last purple gleam of day.—
All changed, even yon projecting steep
That darkly bends above the deep,
And mantles with its joyless shade
The waste that man and time have made ;
There mid its tall and circling wood,
In olden times an abbey stood ;
It stands no more—no more at even
The vesper hymn ascends to Heaven ;
No more the sound of Matin bell
Calls forth each father from his cell,
Or breaks upon the sleeping ear
Of Leim-a-tagart's ⁽⁵⁾ mountaineer,
And bids him on his purpose pause,
Ere yet the foraying brand he draws.

Where are they now—go climb that height,
Whose depth of shade yields scanty light,
Where the dark alders droop their head
O'er Ard-na-mrahar's ⁽⁶⁾ countless dead,
And nettle tall and hemlock waves
In rank luxuriance o'er the graves ;
There fragments of the sculptur'd stone,
Still sadly speak of grandeur gone,
And point the spot, where dark and deep
The fathers and their abbey sleep.

That train hath reach'd the abbey ground,
The flickering lights are ranged around,
And resting on the bier,
Amid the attendants' broken sighs,
And pall'd with black the coffin lies ;
The Monks are kneeling near.
The abbot stands above the dead,
With grey and venerable head,
And sallow cheek and pale,
The Miserere hymn ascends,
And its deep solemn sadness blends
With the hoarse and moaning gale.
The last " Amen " was breath'd by all,
And now they had removed the pall,
And up the coffin reared ;
When a stern " hold " was heard aloud,
And wildly bursting thro' the crowd,
A frantic form appeared.

He paused awhile and gasped for breath :
His look had less of life than death,
He seemed as from the grave ;
So all unearthly was his tread
And high above his stately head,
A sable plume did wave.
Clansmen and fathers looked aghast,
But when the first surprise was past,
Yet louder rose their grief ;
For when he stood above the dead,
And took the bonnet from his head,
All knew Ivera's (') Chief ;
No length of time could e'er erase,
Once seen, that Chieftain's form and face.

Calmly he stood amid their gaze,
While the red torches shifting blaze,
As strong it flicker'd in the breeze
That wildly raved among the trees,
Its fitful light upon him threw,
And Donal Comm stood full to view,

His form was tall, but not that height
Which seems unwieldy to the sight ;
His mantle, as it backward flowed,
An ample breadth of bosom shewed ;
His sabre's girdle round his waist
A golden buckle tightly braced ;
A close set trews displayed a frame
You could not all distinctly name
If it had more of strength or grace ;
But when the light fell on his face,
The dullest eye beheld a man
Fit to be Chieftain of his clan.

His cheek tho' pale retained the hue
Which from Iberian blood it drew ;
His sharp and well form'd features bore
Strong semblance to his sires of yore ;
Calm, grave and dignified, his eye
Had an expression proud and high,
And in its darkness dwelt a flame
Which not even grief like his could tame ;
Above his bent brow's sad repose,
A high heroic forehead rose ;
But o'er its calm you marked the cloud
That wrapp'd his spirit in its shroud ;

His clustering locks of sable hue,
Upon the tempest wildly flew ;
Unrecked by him the storm may blow,
His feelings are with her below.

“ Remove the lid” at length he cried ;
None stirred, they thought it strange, beside
Her kinsmen mutter’d something, “ haste
I have not breath or time to waste
In parley now—Ivera’s chief
May be permitted one, last, brief
Farewell with her he loved, and then,
Eva is yours and earth’s again.”

At length, reluctant they obey’d :
Slowly he turned aside his head,
And press’d his hand against his brow.
’Tis done at last, he knows not how :
But when he heard one piercing shriek,
A deadlier paleness spread his cheek,
Sidelong he looked, and fearfully,
Dreading the sight he yet would see ;
Trembled his knees, his eye grew dim,
His stricken brain began to swim,
He stagger’d back against a Yew
That o’er the bier its branches threw ;
Upon his brows the dews of death
Collected, and his quick low breath
Seem’d but the last and feeble strife,
Ere yet it yield, of parting life.

There lay his bride—death hath not quite
O'ershadowed all her beauty's light ;
Still on her brow and on her cheek,
It linger'd, like the sun's last streak
On Sliav-na-goila's head of snow
When all the vales are dark below—
Her lids in languid stillness lay
Like lilies o'er a stream's parched way,
Which kiss no more the wave of light
That flashed beneath them purely bright ;
Above her forehead fair and young,
Her dark brown tresses clustering hung,
Like summer clouds, that still shine on
When he who gilds their folds is gone
Her features breath'd a sad sweet tone
Caught ere the spirit left her throne,
Like that the night-wind often makes
When some forsaken lyre it wakes,
And minds us of the master hand
That once could all its voice command.

“ Cold be the hand and curst the blow”
Her kinsmen cried, “ that laid thee low ;—
Curst be the steel that pierced thy heart.”
Forth sprung that Chief with sudden start,
Tore off the scarf that veiled her breast,
That dark deep wound can tell the rest.—
He gazed a moment, then his brand
Flashed out so sudden in his hand,
His boldest clansmen backward reeled,
Trembling the aged abbot kneeled.

“Is this a time for grief” he cried
“And thou thus low, my murder’d bride,—
Fool! to such boyish feelings bow,
Far other task hath Donal now;
Hear me thou thunder up on high!
And thou blest ocean hear my cry!
Hear me! sole resting friend, my sword,
And thou dark wound, attest my word!
No food, no rest, shall Donal know,
Until he lay thy murderer low—
Until each sever’d quivering limb
In its own lustful blood shall swim;
When my heart gains this poor relief,
Then Eva wilt thou bless thy chief—
Bless him!—no, no, that word is o’er,
My sweet one! thou can’st bless no more;
No more returning from the strife
Where Donal fought, to guard thy life
And free his native land, shalt thou
Wipe the red war-drops from his brow,
And hush his toils and cares to rest
Upon thy fond and faithful breast.”

He gazed a moment on her face
And stooped to take the last embrace,
And as his lips to her’s he prest,
The coffin shook beneath his breast
That heaved convulsive as t’would break;
Then in a tone subdued and meek,
“Take her” he said, and calmly rose,
And thro’ the friends that round him close,

Unheeding what their love would say,
All silently he urged his way,
Then wildly rushing down the steep
He plunged amid the breakers sweep.

Awfully the thunder
Is shouting thro' the night,
And o'er the heaven convulsed and riven
The lightning-streams are bright,
Beneath their fitful flashing,
As from hill to hill they leap,
In ridgy brightness dashing
Comes on loud ocean's sweep.

Fearfully the tempest
Sings out his battle-song,
His war is with the unflinching rocks
And the forests tall and strong ;
His war is with the stately bark ;
But ere the strife be o'er,
Full many a pine, on land and brine,
Shall rise to Heaven no more.

The storm shall sink in slumber,
The lightning fold its wing,
And the morning star shall gleam afar,
In the beauty of its king ;
But there are eyes shall sleep in death
Before they meet its ray,
Avenger ! on thine errand speed,
Haste Donal on thy way.

Carriganassig ! (°) from thy walls
No longer now the warder calls ;
No more is heard o'er goblets bright,
Thy shout of revelry at night ;
No more the bugle's merry sound
Wakes all thy mountain echoes round,
When for the foray, or the chase,
At morn rush'd forth thy hardy race,
And northward as it died away
Roused the wild deer of Kaoim-an-é.
All bare is now thy mountain's side,
Where rose the forest's stately pride ;
No solitary friend remains
Of all that graced thy fair domains ;
But that dark stream still rushes on
Beneath thy walls, thou swift Quvan,
And kisses with its sorrowing wave,
The ruins which it could not save ;
Fair Castle, I have stood at night,
When summers's moon gave all her light,
And gaz'd upon thee till the past,
Came o'er my spirit sad and fast ;
To think thy strength could not avail
Against the Saxon's iron hail,
And thou at length didst cease to be
The shield of mountain liberty.

From Carriganassig shone that night
Thro' storm and darkness many a light,
And loud and noisy was the din
Of some high revelry within ;

At times was heard the warder's song
Upon the night-wind borne along,
And frequent burst upon the ear
The merry soldier's jovial cheer :
For their dark Chieftain in his hall
That day held joyous festival,
And showed forth all his wealth and pride
To welcome home his beauteous bride.

Hush'd was the music's sprightly sound ;
The wine had ceased to circle round,
And to their chambers, one by one,
The drowsy revellers had gone,
Alone that Chieftain still remains,
And still by starts the goblet drains :
He paced the hall with hurried tread
Oft look'd behind and shook his head,
And paused and listened as the gale
Swell'd on his ear with wilder wail,
And where the tapers faintly flung
Their light, and where the arras hung,
He'd start and look with fearful glance
And quivering lip, then quick advance,
And laugh in mockery of his fear
And drink again.

“ Fitz-Eustace ! here,
“ Close well that door and sit awhile,
“ Some foolish thoughts I would beguile,
“ Fill to my bride and say did'st e'er
“ See form so light, or face so fair ?
“ I little deem'd this savage land
“ Such witching beauty could command ;

“ That rebel Erin’s mountains wild
“ Could nurse M’Carthy’s matchless child ;
“ Then drink with me in brimming flow
“ The heiress of Clan-Donal-Roe.”⁽⁹⁾
Fitz-Eustace quaff’d the cup and said,
“ I saw one more—she’s with the dead,
“ You best know how”—

That Chieftain frown’d
And dash’d the goblet to the ground ;
“ Curse on thy tongue, that deed is past,
“ But one word more and ’tis thy last ;
“ Art thou t’ upbraid me also doom’d ;”
He paused awhile then thus resum’d.

“ Eustace forgive me what I say,
In sooth, I’m not myself to-day,
Some demon haunts me, since my pride
Urged me to stab that outlaw’s bride,
Each form I see, each sound I hear,
Her dying threat assails my ear,
Which warn’d me I should shortly feel
The point of Donal’s vengeful steel ;
I know that devil’s desperate ire
Would seek revenge thro’ walls of fire,
Even now upon the bridal night,
When bridegroom’s heart beats ever light,
No joy within my bosom beams :
Beside, yon silly maiden deems,
That ’twas thro’ love I sought her hand,
No—Eustace ’twas her father’s land ;
He hath retainers many a one
Who with this wench to us are won,

You know our cause, we still must aid
As well by policy as blade ;
I loath each one of Irish birth,
As the vile worm that crawls the earth ;
But come, say canst thou aught impart
Could give some comfort to my heart,
Fell Donal Comm into our snare
Or does the wolf still keep his lair ?”

“ Neither ;—the wolf now roams at large,
“ ’Twas but last evening that a barge
“ Well mann’d, was seen at close of day
“ To make Glengarav’s lonely bay,
“ Tis said ;—but one who more can tell
“ Now lodges in the eastern cell ;
“ A monk who loudly doth complain
“ Of plunder driven and brethren slain
“ By Donal Comm, and from the strife
“ This night fled here with scarcely life.”

“ Now dost thou lend my heart some cheer,
“ Good Eustace thou await me here ;
“ I’ll see him straight and if he show
“ Where I may find my deadly foe,
“ That haunts my ways—the rebel’s head
“ Shall grace my walls.—”

With cautious tread
He reached the cell and gently drew
The bolts,—that monk then met his view.

Within that dungeon’s farthest nook
He lay ;—one hand contained a book,
The other propp’d his weary head :
Some scanty straw supplied his bed ;

His order's habit coarse and grey
Told he had worn it many a day,
Threadbare and travel-soil'd;—his beads
And cross hung o'er the dripping weeds,
Whose ample folds were tightly brac'd
By a rough chord around his waist;
No wretch of earth seem'd lower than
That outcast solitary man.

He spoke not—mov'd not from the floor;
But calmly look'd to where the door
Now clos'd behind th' intruding knight,
Who slow advanc'd and held the light
Close to the captive's pallid face
Who shrunk not from his gaze;—a space
St. Leger paused before he spoke,
And thus at length his silence broke.

“ Father thy lodging is but rude,
“ Thou seem'st in need of rest and food,
“ If but escaped from Donal's ire,
“ And wasting brand and scathing fire;
“ But prudent reasons still demand
“ And stern St. Leger's strict command,
“ That every stranger, friend or foe,
“ Be held in durance, 'till he show
“ What, whence, and whither he would go.
“ For thee;—if thou canst tell us right,
“ Where that fierce outlaw strays to-night,
“ To-morrow's sun shall see thee free'd
“ With rich requital for thy meed,
“ If false thy tale, then father hope
“ For a short shrift and shorter rope.”

He ceased, and as the chief he eyed
With searching glance, the monk replied,
“ I fear no threat,—no meed I crave,
“ I ask no freedom but the grave ;
“ There was a time when life was dear ;
“ For Saxon tho’ this garb I wear,
“ This hand could once uplift the steel,
“ This heart could love and friendship feel ;
“ That love is sever’d, friends are gone,
“ And I am left on earth alone.
“ Curs’d be the hand that sear’d my heart
“ And smote me in the tenderest part,
“ Lay’d waste my lands and left me roam
“ On the wide world without a home,
“ I took these weeds ;—but why relate
“ The spoiler’s ravage and my hate,
“ Vengeance I would not now forego.
“ For saint above or man below,
“ Yes, Donal Comm ;—but let me hear,
“ Fling the glad story to mine ear,
“ How fell the outlaw’s beauteous bride ;
“ Say was it by thy hand she died ;
“ ’Twill be some solace, and I swear
“ By the all-saving sign I wear,
“ Before to-morrow’s sun to show
“ To thine own eyes thy bitterest foe.”

“ ’Tis well,” exclaimed the exulting chief,
“ Have now thy wish, the tale is brief—
“ Some few days since as I pursued
“ A stately stag from yonder wood,
“ Straight northward did he bend his way
“ Thro’ the wild pass of Kaoim-an-é,

“ Then to the west with hoof of pride
“ He took the mountain’s heathery side,
“ And evening saw him safely sleep
“ In far Glenrochty’s forest deep ;
“ Returning from that weary chase,
“ We met a strange and lonely place ;
“ Dark bosom’d in the hills around,
“ From its dim silence rose no sound,
“ Except the dreary dash and flow
“ Of waters to the lake below ;
“ There was an island in that lake,—
“ (What ails thee monk ? why dost thou shake ?
“ Why blanch’d thy cheek ?)--from thence I brought
“ A richer prey than that I sought,
“ It were but feeble praise to swear
“ That she was more than heavenly fair ;
“ I tore her from Finbarra’s⁽¹⁰⁾ shrine
“ Amid her tears, and she was mine ;
“ I woo’d her like a love-sick swain ;
“ I threaten’d,—would have forc’d,—in vain,
“ She proudly scorn’d my fond embrace,
“ She curs’d my land and all its race,
“ And bade me hope for vengeance from
“ The sure strong arm of Donal Comm.
“ I stabb’d her !—’twas a deed of guilt,
“ But then ’twas Donal’s blood I spilt.”

That Monk sprung forward from the bed,
Flung back his cowl and furious said,
“ Monster, behold my promise free,
‘Tis Donal Comm himself you see.”—

He started back with sudden cry,
And rais'd the lantern ;—O that eye
And vengeful smile he knew too well ;
For him not all the fiends of hell
With tortures from their burning place,
Had half the horrors of that face.—
One rush he made to gain the door,
'Twas vain, that monk stood there before.
He shouted loud, and sudden drew
A dagger which lay hid from view,
At Donal's breast one plunge he made ;
That watchful arm threw off the blade—
But hark ! what noise comes from below,
Surely that cry hath rous'd the foe ;
They come, they come, with hurrying tramp
And clashing steel,—the fallen lamp,
That mountaineer snatch'd from the ground,
A moment glanc'd his prison round,
Heav'd quickly back a massy bar,
A narrow door-way flew ajar ;
A moment cast the lights red glow
Upon the flood, far, far below,
“ No flight is there,” St. Leger cried,
“ Thou'rt mine.”--“ Now, now my murder'd bride,”
He answer'd, and with furious bound
One arm hath clasp'd his foeman round ;
A moment with a giant's might,
He shook him o'er that dreadful height ;
“ Saxon ! 'tis Eva gives this grave”
He said, and plung'd him in the wave.
One piercing shriek was heard, no more,
Up flash'd the billow dyed with gore,

When in they burst.—O where to fly!
He fix'd his foot and strain'd his eye,
And o'er that deep and fearful tide
Sprung safely to the farther side.

Above they crowd in wild amaze,
And by the hurrying torches' blaze
They saw where fearlessly he stood,
And down, far tost upon the flood
St. Leger's body; "quick to horse—
"Pursue the fiend with all your force,
" 'Tis Donal Comm." Light held he then
Pursuit, while mountain, wood and glen
Before him lay;—a moment's space
He ran, and in th' appointed place
His courser found;—then as his hand
Drew from the copse his trusty brand,
"Twas well I left thee here my blade,
"That search my purpose had betray'd;
"But here they come, now, now my steed
"Son of the hills! exert thy speed."
He said, and on the moaning wind
Heard their faint foot-tramp die behind.

'Tis morning, and the purple light
On Noc-na-ve⁽¹¹⁾ gleams coldly bright,
And from his heathery brow, the streams
Rush joyous in the kindling beams;
O'er hill, and wave, and forest red,
One wide blue sea of mist is spread;
Save where more brightly, deeply blue
Ivera's mountains meet the view,

And falls the sun with mellow streak
On Sliv-na-goilas's⁽¹²⁾ giant peak.
Still as its dead, is now the breeze,
In Ard-na-mrahir's weeping trees.
So deep its silence, you might tell
Each plashing rain-drop as it fell ;
Beneath its brow, the waters wild
Are sleeping, like a weary child
That sinks from fretful fit to rest,
On its fond mother's peaceful breast.

On yonder grave cold lies the turf
Besprent with rain and ocean's surf,
 So purely, freshly green,
And kneeling by that narrow bed,
With pallid cheek and drooping head,
 A lonely form is seen.
Long kneels he there in speechless woe,
Silent as she who lies below
 In her cold and silent room ;
The trees hang motionless above,
There's not a breath of wind to move
 The dripping eagle-plume ;
Well might you know that man of grief
To be Ivera's widow'd chief.

He rose at last, and as he took
Of that dear spot, his last sad look,
Convulsive trembled all his frame,
He strove to utter Eva's name ;
Then wildly rushing to the shore,
Was never seen or heard of more.⁽¹³⁾

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOUGANE BARRA. (10)

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
* Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright-
ning,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;
And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island!

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the
ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a Minstrel's devotion,

And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather ;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.
High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains,
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains,
And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty was creep-
ing.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit,
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has
bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds may young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west may yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest, be brightest in story.
I too shall be gone ;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

TO A SPRIG OF MOUNTAIN HEATH.

Thou little stem of lowly heath !
Nursed by the wild winds hardy breath,
Dost thou survive, unconquer'd still,
Thy stately brethren of the hill ?

No more the morning mist shall break,
Around Clogh-grenans towering oak ;
The stag no more with glance of pride,
Looks fearless from its hazle side ;
But there thou livest lone and free
The Hermit plant of Liberty.

Child of the mountain ! many a storm
Hath drench'd thy head and shook thy form,
Since in thy depths *Clan-muire* lay,
To wait the dawning of that day ;
And many a sabre, as it beamed
Forth from its heather scabbard gleamed,
When *Leix* its vengeance hot did slake
In yonder city of the lake,
And its proud Saxon fortress bore,
The banner green of Reiry More.

Thou wert not then as thou art now,
Upon a bondsman-minstrel's brow ;
But wreathing round the harp of Leix,
When to the strife it fired thee free,

Or from the helmet battle sprent,
Waved where the cowering Saxon bent.
Yet blush not, for the bard you crown,
Ne'er stooped his spirits homage down,
And he can wake tho' rude his skill,
The songs you loved on yonder hill.

{ Repine not, that no more the spring
Its balmy breath shall round thee fling :
No more the heath-cock's pinion sway,
Shall from thy blossom dash the spray,
More sweet, more blest, thy lot shall prove,
Go—to the breast of her I love,
And speak for me to that blue eye ;
Breathe to that heart my fondest sigh ;
And tell her in thy softest tone
That he who sent thee is—her own.

NOTE.—The Fortress alluded to is the Castle of Carlow, built in the time of King JOHN, and still an imposing ruin. RIERY MORE was the Chieftain of Liex (the present Queen's County) in the time of ELIZABETH—he was brave, politic, and accomplished above his ruder countrymen of that period ; he stormed the Castle of Carlow, which being within the pale, belonged to the English ; they never had a more skilful enemy in the country. RIERE, *Anglice* ROGER.—Carlow, or Cahir-lough, literally the City of the Lake.—Clough-grenna, the sunny hill. It is near Carlow but in the Queen's County, and was formerly thickly covered with oak.

SPANISH WAR-SONG.

Ye sons of old Iberia, brave Spaniards up arise,
Along your hills, like distant rills the voice of battle flies ;
Once more, with threats of tyranny, come on the hosts
of France ;

Ye men of Spain awake again, to Freedom's fight ad-
vance.

Like snow upon your mountains, they gather from afar,
To launch upon your olive fields the Avalanche of war ;
Above the dark'ning Pyrenees their cloud of battle flies,
To burst in thunder on your plains ;—brave Spaniards
up, arise.

O sons of Viriatus, Hispania's boast and pride,
Who long withstood, in fields of blood, the Roman's
battle tide ;
Arise again to match his deeds and kindle at his name,
And let its light thro' Freedom's fight, still guide you on
to fame.

Descendants of those heroes, in Roman song renown'd,
Whose glorious strife for Liberty with deathless name
was crown'd,
Come down again unconquer'd men, like Biscay's ocean
roar,
And show yourselves the Cantabers your fathers were of
yore.

Saguntum's tale of wonder, shines bright upon your page,
And old Numantia's story shall live thro' every age ;
Her children sung their farewell song, their own lov'd
homes they fir'd,
And in the blaze, 'mid Freedom's rays, all gloriously
expir'd.

THE LAST SONG OF HENRY KIRK WHITE.

Yet once again my lyre, I wake the slumber of thy
strings,
Ere yet the gush of song is dry in its fast fading springs ;
I hear a voice, it speaks within the midnight of my
breast,
Yet once again my lyre awake, and then I sink to rest.

And must I die ? well be it so, since thus 'tis better far,
Than with the world and adverse fate, to wage unequal
war.

Come then thou long unwaking sleep, to thy cold clasp
I fly,
From shattered hopes, and blighted heart and pangs that
cannot die.

Yet would I live for other times ;—I feel the tide of
song

|| In swells of light, flow strong and bright, my heaving
breast along ;

Yet would I live in happier years, to wake with master
hand

A lay, that should embalm my name in Albion's beau-
teous land.

'Tis past ! they've won,—my sun is set, I see my com-
ing night,

And hope and fame no longer lend their soft delusive
light ;

Among fair Albion's future bards no song of mine shall
rise,

Go sweet one ! thus we sadly part,—go leave me to my
sighs.

Yet from this breast, my Clara, thy love they cannot
part,

All freshly green it lingers round the ruin of my heart ;
A thought of me, may cloud thy soul, a tear may dim
thine eye,

That I have sung and loved in vain, forsaken thus to die.

O England my country !—despite of all my wrongs,
I love thee still, my native land, thou land of sweetest
songs !

One thought still cheers my life's last close, that I shall
rest in thee,

And sleep, as minstrel heart should sleep, among the
brave and free.

SONGS, LYRICAL PIECES, &c.

"SI JE TE PERDS, JE SUIS PERDU."

These Stanzas were suggested by an impress on a Seal, representing a boat at sea, and a man at the helm looking up at a solitary star, with a motto—" *Si Je te perds, Je suis perdu.*"

Shine on thou bright beacon
Unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness
O'er life's troubled sea ;
It's morning of promise,
Its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows rave wildly,
Then bright one shine on.

The wings of the tempest
May rush o'er thy ray ;
But tranquil thou smilest,
Undimm'd by its sway ;
High, high o'er the worlds
Where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest all beauteous,
All glorious,—alone.

From the deep womb of darkness

The lightning-flash leaps,

O'er the bark of my fortunes

Each mad billow sweeps ;

From the port of her safety,

By warring winds driven,

And no light o'er her course :

But yon lone one of Heaven.

Yet fear not thou frail one,

The hour may be near,

When our own sunny head-land

Far off shall appear ;

When the voice of the storm

Shall be silent and past,

In some island of Heaven

We may anchor at last.

But bark of Eternity,

Where art thou now,

The wild waters shriek

O'er each plunge of thy prow ;

On the worlds dreary Ocean,

Thus shattered and tost ;—

Then lone one shine on,

“ IF I LOSE THEE I'M LOST.”

HOW KEEN THE PANG.

How keen the pang when friends must part,
And bid the unwilling last adieu ;
When every sigh that rends the heart,
Awakes the bliss that once it knew.

He that has felt, alone can tell
The dreary desert of the mind,
When those whom once we loved so well,
Have left us weeping here behind.

When every look so kindly shed,
And every word so fondly spoken,
And every smile is faded, fled,
And leaves the heart alone and broken.

Yes dearest maid ! that grief was mine,
When bending o'er thy shrouded bier,
I saw the form that once was thine ;
My Mary was no longer there.

But on the relics pale and cold
There sat a sweet seraphic smile,
A calm celestial grace that told
Our parting was but for a while.

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG LADY,

On entering a Convent.

'Tis the rose of the desert,
So lovely, so wild,
In the lap of the desert
Its infancy smiled ;
In the languish of beauty
It droops o'er the thorn,
And its leaves are all wet
With the bright tears of morn.

Yet 'tis better thou fair one,
To dwell all alone,
Than recline on a bosom
Less pure than thine own ;
Thy form is too lovely
To be torn from its stem,
And thy breath is too sweet
For the children of men.

Bloom on thus in secret,
Sweet child of the waste,
Where no lips of profaner,
Thy fragrance shall taste ;
Bloom on where no footsteps
Unhallowed hath trod,
And give all thy blushes
And sweets to thy God.

LINES ON A DECEASED CLERGYMAN.

Breathe not his honor'd name,
Silently keep it ;
Hush'd be the sadd'ning theme,
In secrecy weep it ;
Call not a warmer flow
To eyes that are aching ;
Wake not a deeper throe
In hearts that are breaking.

Oh 'tis a placid rest ;
Who should deplore it ?
Trance of the pure and blest,
Angels watch o'er it ;
Sleep of his mortal night,
Sorrow can't break it,
Heaven's own morning light
Alone shall awake it.

Nobly thy course is run ;
Splendour is round it ;
Bravely thy fight is won ;
Freedom hath crown'd it ;
In the high warfare
Of heaven, grown hoary,
Thou'rt gone like the summer-sun,
Shrouded in glory.

Twine,—twine the victor wreath,
Spirits that meet him ;
Sweet songs of triumph breath,
Seraphs to greet him ;
From his high resting place
Who shall him sever,
With his God,—face to face,
Leave him for ever.

LINES,

*On the Death of an amiable and highly talented
Young Man, who fell a victim to fever
in the West Indies.*

All rack'd on his feverish bed he lay,
And none but the stranger were near him ;
No friend to console, in his last sad day ;
No look of affection to cheer him.

Frequent and deep were the groans he drew,
On that couch of torture turning ;
And often his hot, wild hand he threw
O'er his brows, still wilder burning.

But, Oh ! what anguish his bosom tore,
How throbbed each strong pulse of emotion,
When he thought of the friends he should never see more,
In his own green Isle of the Ocean.

When he thought of the distant maid of his heart,—
Oh, must they thus darkly sever ;—
No last farewell, ere his spirit depart ;—
Must he leave her unseen, and for ever !

One sigh for that maid his fond heart heaved,
One pray'r for her weal he breathed ;
And his eyes to that land for whose woes he had grieved
Once looked,—and for ever were sheathed.

On a cliff that by footstep is seldom prest,
Far sea-ward his dark head rearing,
A rude stone marks the place of his rest ;—
' Here lies a poor exile of Erin.'

Yet think not, dear Youth, tho' far, far away
From thy own native Isle thou art sleeping,
That no heart for thy slumber is aching to-day,
That no eye for thy mem'ry is weeping.

Oh yes !—when the hearts that have wailed thy young
blight,
Some joy from forgetfulness borrow,
The thought of thy doom will come over their light,
And shade them more deeply with sorrow.

And the maid who so long held her home in thy breast,
As she strains her wet eye o'er the billow,
Will vainly embrace, as it comes from the west,
Every breeze that has swept o'er thy pillow.

*willow
pillow
billow*

AND MUST WE PART.

And must we part? then fare thee well;
But he that wails it,—he can tell
How dear thou wert, how dear thou art
And ever must be to this heart;
But now 'tis vain,—it cannot be;
Farewell! and think no more on me.

Oh yes,—this heart would sooner break,
Than one unholy thought awake;
I'd sooner slumber into clay,
Than cloud thy spirits beauteous ray;
Go free as air,—as Angel free,
And lady think no more on me.

O did we meet when brighter star
Sent its fair promise from afar,
I then might hope to call thee mine,
The Minstrel's heart and harp were thine;
But now 'tis past,—it cannot be;
Farewell and think no more on me.

Or do!—but let it be the hour,
When Mercy's all atoning power,
From his high throne of glory hears
Of souls like thine the prayers, the tears,
Then whilst you bend the suppliant knee;
Then, then O Lady think on me.

PURE IS THE DEWY GEM.

Pure is the dewy gem that sleeps
Within the roses fragrant bed,
And dear the heart-warm drop that steeps
The turf where all we loved is laid ;
But far more dear, more pure than they,
The tear that washes guilt away.

Sweet is the morning's balmy breath
Along the valley's flowery side,
And lovely on the Moon-lit heath,
The lute's soft tone complaining wide ;
But still more lovely, sweeter still,
The sigh that wails a life of ill.

Bright is the morning's roseate gleam
Upon the Mountains of the East,
And soft the Moonlight silvery beam,
Above the billow's placid rest ;
But O !—what ray ere shone from Heaven
Like God's first smile on a soul forgiven.

NOTE.—This trifle was composed before the Author read
MOORE'S Paradise and the Peri.

TO * * * * *

Lady—the lyre thou bid'st me take,
No more can breathe the minstrel strain ;
The cold and trembling notes I wake,
Fall on the ear like plashing rain ;
For days of suffering and of pain,
And nights that lull'd no care for me,
Have tamed my spirit,—then in vain
Thou bid'st me wake my harp for thee.

But could I sweep my ocean lyre,
As once this feeble hand could sweep,
Or catch once more the thought of fire,
That lit the Mizen's stormy steep,
Or bid the fancy cease to sleep,
That once could soar on pinion free,
And dream I was not borne to weep ;
O then I'd wake my harp for thee.

And now 'tis only friendship's call,
That bids my slumbering lyre awake,
It long hath slept in sorrow's hall,
Again that slumber it must seek ;
Not even the light of beauty's cheek,
Or blue eye beaming kind and free,
Can bid its mournful numbers speak ;
Then lady, ask no lay from me.

Yet if on Desmond's mountain wild,
By glens I love, or ocean cave,
Nature once more should own her child,
And give the strength that once she gave ;
If he who lights my path should save
And what I was I yet may be ;
Then lady, by green Erin's wave,
I'll gladly wake my harp for thee.

STANZAS.

Hours like those I spent with you,
So bright, so passing and so few,
May never bless me more,—farewell !
My heart can feel but dare not tell,
The rapture of those hours of light,
Thus snatched from sorrow's cheerless night.

'Tis not thy cheek's soft blended hue ;
'Tis not thine eye of heavenly blue ;
'Tis not the radiance of thy brow,
That thus would win or charm me now,
It is thy heart's warm light that glows,
Like sun-beams on December snows.

It is thy wit that flashes bright,
As lightning on a stormy night,
Illuming even the clouds that roll
Along the darkness of my soul,
And bidding with an Angel's voice,
The heart that knew no joy,—rejoice.

Too late we met,—too soon we part,
Yet dearer to my soul thou art ;
Than some whose love has grown with years,
Smiled with my smile, and wept my tears ;
Farewell ! but absent thou shalt seem,
The vision of some heavenly dream,
Too bright on child of earth to dwell ;
It must be so,—my friend farewell.

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

The night was still,—the air was balm,
Soft dews around were weeping ;
No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,
Its waves in light were sleeping ,
With MARY on the beach I stray'd ;
The stars beam'd joy above me ;
I prest her hand and said, “ sweet maid
“ Oh tell me do you love me ? ”

With modest air she drooped her head,
Her cheek of beauty veiling ;
Her bosom heav'd,—no word she said ;
I mark'd her strife of feeling ;
“ Oh speak my doom dear maid,” I cried,
“ By yon bright Heaven above thee ;”
She gently raised her eyes and sighed,
“ Too well you know I love thee.”

SERENADE.

The blue waves are sleeping ;
The breezes are still ;
The light dews are weeping
Soft tears on the hill ;
The moon in mild beauty,
Looks bright from above ;
Then come to the casement,
Oh MARY my love.

Not a sound, or a motion
Is over the lake,
But the whisper of ripples,
As shoreward they break ;
My skiff wakes no ruffle
The waters among,
Then listen dear maid
To thy true lover's song.

No form from the lattice
Did ever recline,
Over Italy's waters,
More lovely than thine;
Then come to the window
And shed from above,
One glance of thy dark eye,
One smile of thy love.

Oh! the soul of that eye
When it breaks from its shroud,
Shines beauteously out,
Like the Moon from a cloud;
And thy whisper of love
Breathed thus from afar,
Is sweeter to me
Than the sweetest guitar.

From the storms of this world
How gladly I'd fly,
To the calm of that breast,
To the heaven of that eye;
How deeply I love thee
'Twere useless to tell;
Farewell then my dear one,
My MARY, farewell.

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.*

AIR—*Rousseau's Dream.*

Life for me is dark and dreary ;
 Every light is quenched and gone ;
 O'er its waste all lone and weary,
 Sorrow's child I journey on.
 Thou whose smile alone can cheer me ;
 Whose bright form still haunts my breast ;
 From this world in pity bear me,
 To thy own high home of rest.

Hush !—o'er Lemman's sleeping water,
 Whispering tones of love I hear ;
 'Tis some fond unearthly daughter,
 Woo's me to her own bright sphere.
 Immortal beauty ! yes, I see thee,
 Come, oh ! come to this wild breast ;
 O ! I fly—I burn to meet thee,
 Take me to thy home of rest.

* ————wild Rousseau,
 Th' Apostle of affliction, &c.
 His was not the love of mortal dame—
 * * * *
 But of ideal beauty, &c.—CHILDE HAROLD.

THO' DARK FATE HATH REFT ME.

Tho' dark Fate hath reft me
Of all that was sweet,
And widely we sever,
Too widely to meet,
O yet while one life pulse
Remains in this heart,
'Twill remember thee, MARY,
Wherever thou art.

How sad were the glances
At parting we threw,
No word was there spoken
But the stifled adieu ;
My lips, o'er thy cold cheek
All raptureless past,
'Twas the first time I prest it,
It must be the last.

But why should I dwell thus
On scenes that but pain,
Or think on thee, MARY,
When thinking is vain ;
Thy name to this bosom,
Now sounds like a knell ;
My fond one,—my dear one,
For ever,—Farewell !

WHEN EACH BRIGHT STAR IS CLOUDED.

AIR—" *Clür Bug Dale.*"

When each bright star is clouded that illumin'd our way,
And darkly thro' the bleak night of life we stray,
What joy then is left us : but alone to weep
O'er the cold dreary pillow where loved ones sleep.

This world has no pleasure that is half so dear,
That can soothe the widow'd bosom, like memory's
tear,

'Tis the desert rose drooping in moon's soft dew,
In those pure drops looks saddest, but softest too.

Oh if ever death should sever fond hearts from me,
And I linger, like the last leaf on Autumn's tree,
While pining o'er the dead mates all sear'd below,
How welcome will the last blast be that lays me low.

HUSSA THA MEASG NA REALTAN MORE.*

My love, my still unchanging love,
As fond, as true, as hope above ;
Tho' many a year of pain passed by
Since last I heard thy farewell sigh,
This faithful heart doth still adore
Hussa tha measg na realtán more.

What once we hoped might then have been,
But fortune darkly frown'd between :
And tho' far distant is the ray
That lights me on my weary way,
I love, and shall 'till life is o'er,
Hussa tha measg na realtán more.

Tho' many a light of beauty shone
Along my path, and lured me on,
I better lov'd thy dark bright eye,
Thy witching smile, thy speaking sigh ;
Shine on,—this heart shall still adore
Hussa tha measg na realtán more.

* *Thou who art amongst the greater Planets.*

SACRED SUBJECTS.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

From the foot of Inchidony Island, an elevated tract of sand runs out into the sea, and terminates in a high green bank, which forms a pleasing contrast with the little desert behind it, and the black solitary rock immediately under. Tradition tells that the Virgin came one night to this hillock to pray, and was discovered kneeling there by the crew of a Vessel that was coming to anchor near the place. They laughed at her piety, and made some merry and unbecoming remarks on her beauty, upon which a storm arose and destroyed the Ship and her crew. Since that time no vessel has been known to anchor near the spot.

Such is the story upon which the following Stanzas are founded.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's
mellow fall;
But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest
of them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant bark appear'd,
And her joyous crew look'd from the deck as to the land
 she near'd ;
To the calm and shelter'd haven she floated like a
 swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride
 and beauty shone.

The Master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
And mark'd the whiteness of her robe and the radiance
 of her brow ;
Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes look'd up among the stars to Him her soul
 lov'd best.

He show'd her to his sailors, and he hail'd her with a
 cheer ;
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and
 jeer ;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;
And they curs'd the faint and lagging breeze that kept
 them from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom, shook off the moonlight
 sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their Queen ;
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er
 the land,
And the scoffing crew beheld no more that Lady on the
 strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder, and the light'ning leap'd
about ;
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a
shout ;
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with
thund'ring shock ;
And her timbers flew like scatter'd spray on Inchidony's
rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild
and high :
But the angry surge swept over them and hush'd their
gurgling cry ;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest pass'd
away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, the indignant
waters lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
Dunmore,
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inchidony's
shore ;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers
sank :
And still he calls that hillock green, " the Virgin Mary's
bank."

MARY MAGDALEN.

To the hall of that feast came the sinful and fair ;
She heard in the City that Jesus was there ;
She mark'd not the splendour that blaz'd on their board :
But silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The hair from her forehead so sad and so meek,
Hunk dark o'er the blushes that burn'd on her cheek ;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seem'd as her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,
That one so unhallow'd should tread in that hall,
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
For the wealth of the perfumes she shower'd on his feet.

She mark'd but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
She dar'd not look up to the heaven of his eyes,
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandal were throbbingly prest.

On the cloud after tempests, as shineth the bow ;
In the glance of the sun-beam, as melteth the snow,
He look'd on that lost one ; her sins were forgiven ;
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

SAUL

Holding the Garments of the Murderers of Stephen.

The soldier of Christ to the stake was bound,
And the foes of the Lord had beset him round ;
But his forehead beamed with unearthly light,
As he looked with joy to his last high fight.

Beyond that circle of death was one
Whose hand was unarmed with glaive or stone :
But the garments he held, as apart he stood,
Of the men who were bared for the work of blood.

His form was tall and his bearing high,
And courage sat in his dark deep eye ;
His cheek was young, and he seemed to stand,
Like one who was destined for high command.

But the hate of his spirit you well might learn,
From his pale high brow so bent and stern,
And the glance that at times shot angry light,
Like a flash from the depth of a stormy night.

'Twas Saul of Tarsus !—a fearful name,
And wed in the land with sword and flame ;
And the faithful of Israel trembled all,
At the deeds that were wrought by the furious Saul.

'Tis done !—the martyr hath slept at last,
And his victor soul to the Lord hath past,
And the murderers' hearts waxed sore with guilt,
As they gazed on the innocent blood they spilt.

But Saul went on in his fiery zeal ;
The thirst of his fury no blood could quell ;
And he went to Damascus with words of doom
To bury the faithful in dungeon-gloom.

When lo !—as a rock by the lightning riven,
His heart was smote by a voice from Heaven ;
And the hater of Jesus lov'd nought beside,
And died for the name of the crucified.

THE MOTHER OF THE MACABEES.

That mother viewed the scene of blood ;
Her six unconquered sons were gone ;
Tearless she viewed,—beside her stood
Her last,—her youngest,—dearest one ;
He looked upon her and he smiled,
Oh ! will she save that only child ?

“ By all my love,—my son,” she said,

“ The breast that nursed,—the womb that bore,—
Th’ unsleeping care that watched thee,—fed,—

’Till manhood’s years required no more ;

By all I’ve wept and prayed for thee,

Now, now, be firm and pity me.

“ Look I beseech thee on yon heaven

With its high field of Azure light,

Look on this earth, to mankind given

Array’d in beauty and in might,

And think,—nor scorn thy mother’s pray’r,

On him who said it,—and they were !

“ So shall thou not this tyrant fear,

Nor recreant shun the glorious strife ;

Behold !—thy Battle field is near,

Then go my son, nor heed thy life ;

Go !—like thy faithful brothers die,

That I may meet you all on high.”

Like arrow from the bending bow,

He sprang upon the bloody pile ;—

Like sun-rise on the morning’s snow,

Was that Heroic mother’s smile ;

He died !—nor feared the tyrant’s nod,—

For Judah’s law,—and Judah’s God.

MOONLIGHT.

'Tis sweet at hush of night
By the calm moon to wander,
And view those isles of light
That float so far beyond her
In that wide sea
Whose waters free
Can find no shore to bound them,
On whose calm breast
Pure spirits rest
With all their glory round them ;
Oh ! that my soul all free
From bonds of earth, might sever ;
Oh ! that those isles might be
Her resting place for ever.

When all those glorious spheres
The watch of Heaven are keeping,
And dews, like Angel's tears,
Around are gently weeping ;
O who is he
That carelessly
On virtue's bound encroaches :

But then will feel
Upon him steal
Their silent sweet reproaches ?
Oh ! that my soul all free,
From bonds of earth, might sever ;
Oh ! that those isles might be
Her resting place for ever.

And when in secret sighs
The lonely heart is pining,
If we but view those skies
With all their bright host shining,
While sad we gaze
On their mild rays,
They seem like seraphs smiling,
To joys above,
With looks of love,
The weary spirit wiling ;
Oh ! that my soul all free
From bonds of earth, could sever ;
Oh ! that those isles might be
Her resting place for ever.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH.

"Though the Irish are undoubtedly of a poetic temperament, yet the popular Songs of the lower order are neither numerous, nor in general possessed of much beauty. For this various causes may be assigned; but the most prominent is the division of language which prevails in Ireland. English, 'though of late years it is gaining ground with great rapidity, is not even yet the popular language in many districts of the country, and thirty years since it was still less so. Few songs therefore were composed in English by humble minstrels, and the few that I know, are of very little value indeed in any point of view. The Poets of the populace confined themselves chiefly to Irish;—a tongue which, whatever may be its capabilities, had ceased to be the language of the great and polished, for centuries before the poetic taste revived in Europe. They were compelled to use a despised dialect, which, moreover, the political divisions of the country had rendered an object of suspicion to the ruling powers. The government and populace were indeed so decidedly at variance, that the topics which the village Bards were obliged to select, were such as often to render the indulgence of their poetic powers rather dangerous. Their heroes were frequently inmates of jails or gibbets, and the severe criticism of the Cat-o-nine tails might be the lot of the panygerist.

Wales to be sure has produced, and continues to produce her Bards, 'though the Welsh also use a language differing from that of their conquerors. But Wales is so completely dovetailed into England, that resistance to the victorious power was hopeless, and therefore after the first struggles not attempted. The Welsh language was consequently no distinguishing mark

of a cast determinately hostile to the English domination, and continually the object of suspicion. It was, and is still cultivated by all classes 'though I understand not as much as formerly. The case was quite different in Ireland.—No gentleman has used Irish as his common language for generations ; multitudes do not understand a word of it ; it was left to the lower orders exclusively, and they were depressed and uneducated, and consequently wild and illiterate.

Let no zealous countryman of mine imagine that I am going to impeach the ancient fame of our Bards and Senachies, or to abandon our claims, or the glories, such as they are, of the Ossianic fragments. I merely speak of the state of popular Irish poetry during the last century, or century and a half. With our ancient Minstrels I meddle not. Ossian I leave to his wrangling commentators, and still more wrangling antiquaries ; and for the bards of more modern times, (those for instance who flourished in the days of Elizabeth,) I accept the compliment of Spencer, who knew them well and hated them bitterly. But the poetic sympathies of the mighty Minstrel of Old Mole, could not allow his political feelings to hinder him from acknowledging in his *View of Ireland* that he had caused several songs of the Irish bards to be translated that he might understand them, “and surely” he says “they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry ; yea, they were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which, it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorne and beautifie virtue.”

The following songs are specimens of the popular poetry of later days, I have translated them as closely as possible and present them to the Public more as literary curiosities than on any other account.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR,

In 17—, one of the O'SULLIVANS of Bearhaven who went by name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the Law. He had long been a turbulent character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish Brigade in the French service, in which it was said he held a Captain's Commission.

Information of his raising these "wild geese," (the name by which such recruits were known) was given by a Mr. PUXLEY, on whom in consequence O'SULLIVAN vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday, while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military were sent round from Cork to attack O'SULLIVAN's house. He was daring and well armed, and the house was fortified, so that he made an obstinate defence. At last a confidential servant of his, named SCULLY, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape: but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat and dragged it in that manner through the sea, from Bearhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years.

Such is the story current among the lower orders about Bearhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork, there is no mention made of SCULLY's perfidy, and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those to whom O'SULLIVAN was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse who has made no sparing use of the energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess.

(In the following song, Morty, in Irish, Muirtach, or Muir-cheartach, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies expert at sea; Og, or Oge is young.—Where a whole district is peopled in a great measure by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supercede the original appellation. I-vera or Aoi-vera is the original name of Bearhaven; Aoi, or I signify-
ing an island, or territory.)

The sun upon Ivera
 No longer shines brightly;
 The voice of her music
 No longer is sprightly;
 No more to her maidens
 The light dance is dear,
 Since the death of our darling
 O'SULLIVAN Bear.

SCULLY! thou false one,
 You basely betray'd him;
 In his strong hour of need
 When thy right hand should aid him;
 He fed thee;—he clad thee;—
 You had all could delight thee;
 You left him;—you sold him;—
 May Heaven requite thee!

SCULLY! may all kinds
 Of evil attend thee;
 On thy dark road of life
 May no kind one befriend thee;

May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee ;
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee.

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him ;
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter!—
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them ;
SCULLY that sold him,
And soldier that slew him,
One glimpse of Heaven's light
May they see never ;
May the hearth-stone of hell
Be their best bed for ever !

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonoured, unshrouded
And headless they laid thee ;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee.

Dear head of my darling
How gory and pale,
'These aged eyes see thee
High spiked on their gaol ;
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm,
Nor that eye e'er catch light :
By the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter,
Since the billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge,
Our O'SULLIVAN Bear.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

Súd i síos an cabán ban álain óg.

A large proportion of the songs I have met with are love songs. Some how or other, truly or untruly, the Irish have obtained a character for gallantry, and the peasantry beyond doubt do not belie the "soft impeachment." Their modes of Courtship, are sometimes amusing. The '*malo me Galatea petit*,' of Virgil would still find a counterpart among them—except that the missile of love (which I am afraid is not so poetical as the apple of the pastoral, being neither more or less than a potato,) comes first from the gentleman. He flings it with aim, designedly erring at his sweet heart, and if she returns the fire, a warmer advance concludes the preliminaries and establishes the suitor. Courtships, however, are sometimes carried on among them with a delicacy worthy of a more refined stage of society, and unchastity is very rare. This perhaps is in a great degree occasioned by their extremely early marriages, the advantage or disadvantage of which I give to be discussed by Mr. Malthus and his antagonists.

At their dances, (of which they are very fond,) whether a-field, or in ale-house, a piece of gallantry frequently occurs which is alluded to in the following song. A young man, smitten suddenly by the charms of a *danseuse*, belonging to a company to which he is a stranger, rises, and with his best bow offers her his glass and requests her to drink to him. After due refusal it is usually accepted and is looked on as a good omen of successful wooing. Goldsmith alludes to this custom of his country in the Deserted Village.

The coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup, and pass it to the rest.

The parties may be totally unacquainted, and perhaps never meet again ; under which circumstances it would appear that this song was written.

The girl I love is comely, straight and tall ;
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall :
Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free ;—
Here's a health to that charming maid whoe'er she be !

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek ;
Her eyes are blue her forehead pale and meek ;
Her lips like cherries on a summer tree ;—
Here's a health to the charming maid whoe'er she be !

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round ;
The barrel is full : but its heart we soon shall see ;—
Come here's to that charming maid whoe'er she be !

Had I the wealth, that props the Saxon's reign ;
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me ;—
Here's a health to the maid I love whoe'er she be !

Five pounds of Gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
And five times five, for my love one hour each day ;
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own green
tree ;—

Then my dear may I drink a fond deep health to thee !

THE CONVICT OF CLONMEL.

Is dubac é mo cáis.

Who the hero of this song is, I know not ; but convicts from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland. Hurling which is mentioned in one of the verses, is the principal national diversion, and is played with intense zeal by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played not only by the peasant, but by the patrician students of the University, where it is an established pastime. Twiss, the most sweeping calumniator of Ireland, calls it, if I mistake not, the cricket of barbarians ; but though fully prepared to pay every tribute to the elegance of the English game, I own that I think the Irish sport fully as civilized, and much better calculated for the display of vigour and activity. Perhaps I shall offend Scottish nationality if I prefer either to golf, which is I think but trifling compared with them. In the room belonging to the Golf Club on the Links of Leith, there hangs a picture of an old Lord (Rosslyn) which I never could look at without being struck with the disproportion between the gaunt figure of the Peer and the petty instrument in his hand. Strutt, in "Sports and Pastimes," (page 78) eulogizes the activity of some Irishmen, who played the game about 25 years before the publication of his work, (1801,) at the back of the British Museum, and deduces it from the Roman harpastum. It was played in Cornwall formerly, he adds : but neither the Romans nor the Cornishmen used a bat, or, as we call it in Ireland a hurly.--The description Strutt quotes from old Carew is quite graphic. The late Dr. Gregory I am told used to be loud in panegyric on

the superiority of this game when played by the Irish students, over that adopted by his young countrymen north and south of the Tweed, particularly over golf, which he called "fiddling wi' a pick," but enough of this—

How hard is my fortune
And vain my repining ;
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining ;
My strength is departed,
My cheeks sunk and sallow ;
While I languish in chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.*

No boy of the village
Was ever yet milder ;
I'd play with a child
And my sport would be wilder ;
I'd dance without tiring
From morning 'till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the light'ning of Heaven.

At my bed foot decaying
My hurl-bat is lying ;
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying ;

* Clonmala, *i. e.* the solitude of deceit, the Irish name of Clonmel.

My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow ;
While I pine in my chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron *
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping ;
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart once so gay
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

* Patron,—Irish *Patruin*,—a festive gathering of the people on tented ground.

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE.

O many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream, or malt ;—like the brewing of
men.

My bed was the ground ; my roof, the greenwood above,
And the wealth that I sought one far kind glance from
my love.

Alas ! on that night when the horses I drove from the
field,

That I was not near from terror my angel to shield.
She stretched forth her arms,—her mantle she flung to
the wind,

And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlawed lover to find.

O would that a freezing sleet-wing'd tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep ;
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or pinnace, to save,—
With her hand round my waist, I'd fear not the wind
or the wave.

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven resides ;—
I think as at eve she wanders its mazes along,
The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of her song.

JACOBITE SONGS.

That the Roman Catholics of Ireland should have been Jacobites almost to a man, is little wonderful, indeed the wonder would be were it otherwise. They had lost every thing fighting for the cause of the Stuarts, and the conquerors had made stern use of the victory. But while various movements in favor of that unhappy family were made in England and Scotland, Ireland was quiet—not indeed from want of inclination : but from want of power. The Roman Catholics were disarmed throughout the entire island, and the Protestants, who retained a fierce hatred of the exiled family, were armed and united. The personal influence of the Earl of Chesterfield, who was Lord Lieutenant in 1745, and who made himself very popular, is generally supposed to have contributed to keep Ireland at peace in that dangerous year ; but the reason I have assigned is perhaps more substantial.

But 'though Jacobitical, even these songs will suffice to prove, that it was not out of love for the Stuarts that they were anxious to take up arms, but to revenge themselves on the Saxons, (that is the English generally : but in Ireland the Protestants,) for the defeat they experienced in the days of William III, and the subsequent depression of their party and their religion.—James II, is universally spoken of by the lower orders of Ireland with the utmost contempt, and distinguished by an appellation which is too strong for ears polite, but which is universally given him. His celebrated expression at the battle of the Boyne.—“O spare my *English* subjects,” being taken in the most perverse sense, instead of obtaining for him the praise of wishing to shew some lenity to those whom he still considered as rightfully under his sceptre, even in opposition to his cause, was, by his Irish partizans construed into a desire of preferring the English, on all occasions, to them. The celebrated

reply of the captive Officer to William, that "if the armies changed Generals, victory would take a different side," is carefully remembered; and every misfortune that happened in the War of the Revolution,* is laid to the charge of James's want of courage. The truth is, he appears to have displayed little of the military qualities which distinguished him in former days.

The first of these three songs is a great favorite, principally from its beautiful air. I am sure there is scarcely a peasant in the South of Ireland who has not heard it. The second is the White Cockade, of which the first verse is English. The third is, (at least in Irish,) a strain of higher mood; and from its style and language, evidently written by a man of more than ordinary information.

O SAY MY BROWN DRIMIN!

A Drimin dóna dílis no síoda na mbo.*

(Drimin is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five Kingdoms;—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught and Meath, into which the Island was divided under the Milesian dynasty.)

O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

* *Silk of the Cows*—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of Cattle, which I have preserved in translating.

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day,
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay ;
The cold turf is o'er them ;—they hear not my cries,
And since Louis no aid gives I cannot arise.

O ! where art thou Louis our eyes are on thee ?
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea ?
In freedom's last strife if you linger or quail
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his Country to fight ;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The isles of his father, his rights and his throne ;
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout ;
My sons all united shall bless the glad day,
When the flint-hearted Saxons they've chased far away.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

Taid mo gra fir fi breataib du.

King Charles he is King James's son,
And from a royal line is sprung ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
O ! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth ;
Then up with shout, and out with blade ;
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe ;
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow ;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away ;
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne ;
The royal bird far off is flown :
But up with shout, and out with blade ;—
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the staunch-hounds ring ;
The song from the glen, so sweet before,
Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.
The Prince is gone : but he soon will come,
With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum,
Then up with shout, and out with blade ;
Huzza for the right and the white cockade.

THE AVENGER.

Dà bfeacin se'n la sin bo seàsta bfeic m'intin.

O! Heavens, if that long-wish'd-for morning I spied,
As high as three kings I'd leap up in my pride;
With transport I'd laugh, and my shout should arise,
As the fires from each mountain blazed bright to the
skies.

The Avenger shall lead us right on to the foe;
Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should
blow;
Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were
riven.

O! Chieftains of Ulster, when will you come forth,
And send your strong cry to the winds of the north?
The wrongs of a King call aloud for your steel,—
Red stars of the battle—O'Donnel, O'Neal!

Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
Up, up, like the eagle, when heavenward he springs!
O, break ye once more from the Saxon's strong rule,
Lost race of Mac Murchad, O'Byrne, and O'Toole!

? Momonia of Druids,—green dwelling of song!—
Where, where are thy minstrels? why sleep they so long?
Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,
M'Carthy,—O'Brien,—O'Sullivan More?

O come from your hills, like the waves to the shore,
When the storm-girded headlands are mad with the roar !
Ten thousand hurras shall ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince is restor'd and our fetters are riven.

The names, in this last song, are those of the principal families in Ireland, many of whom, however, were decided enemies to the house of Stuart. The reader cannot fail to observe the strange expectation which these writers entertained of the nature of the Pretender's designs : they call on him not to come to reinstate himself on the throne of his fathers, but to aid *them* in doing vengeance on the "flint-hearted Saxon." Nothing, however, could be more natural. The Irish Jacobites, at least the Roman Catholics, were in the habit of claiming the Stuarts as of the Melisian line, fondly deducing them from Fergus, and the Celts of Ireland. Who the avenger is, whose arrival is prayed for in the last song, I am not sure ; but circumstances, too tedious to be detailed, make me think that the date of the song is 1708, when a general impression prevailed that the field would be taken, in favour of the Pretender, under a commander of more weight and authority than had come forward before. His name was kept a secret. Very little has been written on the history of the Jacobites of Ireland, and yet I think it would be an interesting subject. We have now arrived at a time when it could be done, without exciting any angry feelings.

In Momonia, (Munster,) Druidism appears to have flourished most, as we may conjecture, from the numerous remains of Druidical workmanship, and the names of places indicating that worship. The records of the province are the best kept of any in Ireland, and it has proverbially retained among the peasantry a character for superior learning.

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.

(FEARFLATHA O'GNIAMH was family *Olamh*, or Bard, to the O'Neil of Clanoboy about the year 1556. The Poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with "*Ma thruagh mar ataid' Goadhil.*"

How dimn'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
 And fall'n the high people of green Innisfail ; *
 The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore ;
 And the mighty of nations is mighty no more !

Like a bark on the ocean, long shattered and tost,
 On the land of your fathers at length you are lost ;
 The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
 And you're doom'd from your cradles to bondage and
 chains.

O where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow ?
 Strong hand in the battle ! how weak art thou now ;
 That heart is now broken that never would quail,
 And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

* Innisfail—the Island of destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

Bright shades of our sires ! from your home in the skies
 O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes !
 Proud spirit of Gollam* how red is thy cheek,
 For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak !

O'Neil† of the Hostages ; Con‡ whose high name,
 On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
 Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep ;
 Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep.

In thy broad wing of darkness enfold us O night ;
 Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light ;
 For freedom, or valour no more canst thou see,
 In the home of the Brave, in the isle of the Free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
 And oppression hath wrapped all your land in its
 shroud,
 Since first from the Brehon's|| pure justice you stray'd,
 And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

* Gollamh—A name of Milesius the Spanish Progenitor of the Irish O's and Macs.

† Nial—of the Nine Hostages, the Heroic Monarch of Ireland, in the 4th Century—and ancestor of the O'Neil family.

‡ Con Cead Catha—Con of the Hundred Fights, monarch of the Island in the 2nd Century ; although the fighter of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields ;—his valorous Rival, Owen King of Munster, compelled him to a division of the Kingdom.

|| Brehons—The hereditary Judges of the Irish Septs.

We know not our country, so strange is her face ;
Her sons once her glory are now her disgrace ;
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your
cheer,

Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the
deer ?

Can those dark heights with ramparts all frowning and
riven,

Be the hills where your forests wav'd brightly in Hea-
ven ?

O bondsmen of Egypt ! no Moses appears
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears ;
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die !

ON THE LAST DAY.

Oh ! after life's dark sinful way,
How shall I meet that dreadful day,
When heaven's red blaze spreads frightfully
Above the hissing with'ring sea,—
And earth thro' all her regions reels,
With the strong—shiv'ring fear she feels.

When that high trumpet's awful sound,
Shall send its deep-voiced summons round,—
And starting from their long, cold sleep,
The living-dead shall wildly leap !
Oh ! by the painful path you trod,
Have mercy then—my Lord ! my God !

Oh ! thou who on that hill of blood,
Beside thy Son in anguish stood ;—
Thou, who above this life of ill,
Art the bright star to guide us still ;
Pray that my soul, its sins forgiv'n,
May find some lonely home in heav'n.

NOTES

TO

THE RECLUSE OF INCHIDONY.

(It will be at once seen that these Poems have all been written long before the passing of the relief Bill. To none more than to the writer could the pleasing prospects opened up by the enactment of this healing measure be more truly, or sincerely gratifying. To behold the unworthy fetters of a noble and gallant nation riven,—her energies unbound,—her centuries of strife and disunion terminated, and the day of her liberation and repose arrived, was a consummation, which, though devoutly desired, was scarcely to be looked for in his generation; and were these Poems to be now re-written, doubtless the tone of sorrow and despondency which perhaps too much pervades them, would give place to one more cheerful and congenial to the altered circumstances of Ireland.

In the East, as well as in the West of Europe, the prospect is equally cheering. While Ireland has been unscaling and purging her long abused vision, the cause of Freedom has not stood still in a country too much a-kin to her, in fate and misrule. Greece has happily shaken off her Iron Bondage, her independence may now be considered as achieved, and the shout of Freedom once more be heard on the mountains of Hellas—in the pass of Thermopylæ. This is a pleasing state of things; but how shall we speak of those degenerate nations of the south, of Naple and of the Peninsula? They have permitted the young hope of their freedom to be strangled in its cradle, and submitted their necks to a yoke, as baneful and contemptible, as ever bowed down a people. In these countries the tide of liberty was setting in with impetuous strength, when these Poems were written. That it has been partially checked, he must lament; but that it must eventually prevail, need admit of little fear or question.)

NOTE 1, page 5, line 5.

"Soft sleeps the moon on Inchidony's hill."

Inchidony,—An Island at the entrance of Clonakilty bay :—
The channel lies between it and the eastern shore.

NOTE 2, page 7, line 10.

"On Cleada's hill the moon is bright."

Cleada, and Cahirbearna, (the hill of the four gaps,) form part of the chain of mountains which stretches westward from Millstreet to Killarney.

NOTE 3, page 7, line 11.

"Dark Avondu still rolls in light."

Avondu,—The Blackwater, (Avunduff of Spenser.) There are several rivers of this name in the counties of Cork and Kerry, but the one here mentioned is by far the most considerable. It rises in a boggy mountain called Meenganine, in the latter County, and discharges itself into the sea at Youghal.—For the length of its course and the beauty and variety of scenery through which it flows, it is superior I believe to any river in Munster. It is subject to very high floods, and from its great rapidity and the havoc which it commits on those occasions, sweeping before it corn, cattle, and sometimes even cottages, one may, not inaptly, apply to it what Virgil says of a more celebrated river.

Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas;
Rex fluviorum Eridanus.—

Spenser thus beautifully characterizes some of our principal Irish rivers, though he has made a mistake with regard to the Allo;—It is the Blackwater that passes through Sliav-logher.

There was the Liffie rolling down the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Au-brian,
The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy, fruitful Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman

Is call'd Blackwater, and the Liffar deep,
 Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
 Strong Allo tumbling from Slew-logher steep,
 And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

NOTE 4 page 8, line 16.

“————— *the beauteous Reeks.*”

Macgillacuddy's Reeks in the neighbourhood of Killarney, are the highest mountains in Munster—for a description of these, and of the celebrated lakes of that place, see Weld's Killarney; by far the best and most correct work on the subject.

NOTE 5 page 10, line 29.

“*And by the Assassin's steel the grey-hair'd Desmond died.*”

Gerald, Earl of Desmond,—The vast estate of this nobleman, in Desmond, (south Munster) was the cause of his ruin; it held out to his enemies too strong a temptation to be resisted, and the chief governors of Ireland determined to seize upon it by any means. Without having committed any overt act of high treason, or done any thing inconsistent with the duty and peaceful demeanour of a subject (unless some private quarrels with the rival house of Ormond could be construed into such) he was declared a traitor, and driven, in his own defence, into a rebellion, which, by letters expressive of his unshaken loyalty to her Majesty, and by every possible means, he endeavoured to avoid. After having undergone incredible hardships and privations, he was surprised by night in a cabin near Tralee, by one Kelly of Moriarta, and twenty five of his kerns, employed for the purpose by Ormond. Kelly struck off his head, which was sent to the Queen, by whose order it was impaled on London bridge. For this barbarous murder of a helpless and persecuted old man, Kelly received a pension of forty pounds a year, but was afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

NOTE 6, page 22, line 6.

The far Seven-Heads thro' mists of purple smile.”

Seven heads;—Dundeedy, Dunowen, Dunore, Duncene, Dunocowig, Dunworly and Dungorly. On all these headlands the Irish formerly had duns, or castles.

NOTES TO DONAL COMM.

NOTE 1, page 38, lines 1 and 2.

" 'Tis Midnight, and November's gale

" Sweeps hoarsely down Glengarav's vale."

The following beautiful description of Glengarav and the bay of Bantry, is taken from the Rev. Horace Townsend's Statistical Survey of the County of Cork.

" The bay of Bantry from almost any point of view, exhibits one of the noblest prospects, on a scale of romantic magnitude, that imagination can well conceive. The extent of this great body of water, from the eastern extremity to the ocean, is about twenty-five miles ; the breadth, including the islands, from six to eight. It contains, beside some small, two very large islands, differing extremely from each other in quality and appearance ; but perfectly suited to the respective purposes of their different situations. Bear Island, very high rocky and coarse, standing a little within the mouth of the bay, braves the fury of the western waves, and forms, by the shelter of its large body, a most secure and spacious haven. Safe in its more retired situation, at the upper end of the bay, the Island of Whiddy presents a surface of gentle inequalities, covered by a soil of uncommon richness and fertility. The grandeur of the scene in which this noble expanse of water bears so conspicuous a part, is greatly enhanced by the rugged variety of the surrounding mountains, particularly those on the west side, which far exceed the rest in altitude and boldness of form. Among these, Hungry-hill rising with a very steep ascent from the water, raises his broad and majestic head, easily distinguishable from a great distance, and far surpassing all the other mountains of this county in height and grandeur. The effect produced by

such an assemblage of objects, can hardly be conceived and is impossible to be described. The mind filled and overborne by a prospect so various, so extended, and so sublime, sinks beneath its magnitude, and feeling the utter incapability of adequate expression, rests upon the scene in silent and solemn admiration. The soul must be insensible indeed, which will not be moved by such a contemplation to adore the God of nature, from whom such mighty works proceed. Large as the ground of this great picture is, it comes within the scope of human sight, a circumstance upon which the powerfulness of its impression materially depends. A greater extension of the parts, by throwing them far from view, would diminish their effect, and a reduction of their scale would lessen their grandeur. Much, and justly, as Killarney is celebrated for the beauty of its scenes, no single view it affords can vie with this in sublimity of character, and greatness of effect. * * * *

“ But the place most celebrated for combining the softer graces of the waving wood, with the wildest rudeness of mountain aspect, is Glengariff, (the rough glen) situated on the north side of the bay, at the head of a small harbour or cove. The hills that enclose this romantic glen, rise in great variety of rocky forms : their sides and hollows being covered profusely with trees and shrubs, among which the arbutus, rarely found to adorn our native woods, appears in a flourishing state. Here, as at Killarney, nature seems to have been at wanton variance with herself, and after exciting a war between two rival powers, to have decided in favor of the weaker party. Among stones of an immense size, thrown together in the wildest confusion, and apparently forbidding the possibility of useful produce ; among bare and massive rocks, that should seem destined to reign for ever in barren desolation, arises a luxuriance of sylvan growth, which art would hardly hope for in the happiest situations. The extent of this woody region, winds through the mountains for some miles, is very considerable. Iron was formerly smelted in this neighbourhood, when timber was more abundant and less valuable. A river abounding with salmon and sea-trout,

runs through this glen : in dry weather, (as Johnson observes of a similar situation,) 'fretting over the asperities of a rocky bottom ;' when swollen with rains, rolling a torrent of frightful magnitude into the bay. It is passed by a good stone bridge, attributed to Cromwell, and still bearing his name."

"The last of nature's uncommon and astonishing displays that remains to be mentioned, is the waterfall, or cateract of Hungry-hill, in comparison with which, O'Sullivan's Cascade at Killarney, and the waterfall at Power's-court near Dublin, shrink into insignificance. The eye accustomed to the various wonders of Alpine scenery, may doubtless view this stupendous fall with less emotion ; but what will the lowland inhabitant think of a river tumbled from the summit of a mountain, elevated more than 2000 feet above its base, and almost perpendicular in its ascent. In the first part of its progress, the side of the hill is so steep as to suffer the water to fall from a vast height, unimpeded by the rocky protections which the spreading base of the mountain opposes to its descent in approaching the bottom. It thus assumes the double character of a fall and cateract. At the back of this great mountain are several lakes, one of which supplies the water of the fall. This grand and singular spectacle, often to be plainly distinguished from the town of Bantry, fourteen miles distant, appears in full majesty only after heavy falls of rain, sufficiently frequent in this district to give the inhabitants numerous opportunities of seeing it in all its glory."

This is very clear and graphic ; but it would be injustice to the reader, to omit the following picture of Glengariff, by a gentleman a resident of Bantry, whose fine poetical feeling, and almost intuitive perception of the beautiful in natural scenery, had happily fitted him for the task, of describing this magnificent region, which he had undertaken in the Ninth Number of BOLSTER'S Magazine.

"After visiting some of the most picturesque parts of the southwestern coast, we lingered a few days amid the enchanting wilds of Glengariff. We had the advantage of reviewing its wood-crowned steeps, gleaming under a cloudless sky, in all

the rich variety of tints, which the fading glory of Autumn left upon the frail but beautiful foliage. Less imposing in its mountain barriers than Killarney, and less enriched by the fanciful variety of sparkling islands in its sea-views,—the inland scenery exhibits a character equally magical, and partakes as much of the seclusion,—the loneliness, and the flowery wilds of fairy-land, as any portion of the country on the borders of the lakes. The summer tourist who pays a hurried visit of a few hours to the Glen, is by no means competent to pronounce an opinion upon its peculiar attractions. His eye may wander with delight over the startling irregularity of its hills and dales; but he has not time sufficient to explore the depths and recesses of its woodland solitude, in which the witching charms of this romantic region operates most forcibly on the mind. It is by treading its tangled pathways, and wandering amid its secret dells, that the charms of Glengariff become revealed in all their power. There, the most fanciful and picturesque views spread around on every side. A twilight grove terminating in a soft vale, whose vivid green appears as if it had been never violated by mortal foot; a bower rich in the fragrant woodbine, intermingled with a variety of clasping evergreens, drooping over a miniature lake of transparent brightness; a lonely wild suddenly bursting on the sight, girded on all sides by grim and naked mountains; a variety of natural avenues, leading through the embowered wood to retreats, in whose breathless solitude the very genius of meditation would appear to reside, or to golden glades, sonorous with the songs of a hundred foaming rills. But what appears chiefly to impress the mind in this secluded region is—the deep conviction you feel, that there is no dramatic effect in all you behold, no pleasing illusion of art; that it is nature you contemplate, such as she is in all her wildness and all her beauty.

The situation of Lord Bantry's lodge is very picturesque, the verdant swell on which it rises, and the tasteful arbours that surround it, appear in fine relief to the frowning hills in the

rere. But although I consider what may be called the inland beauties of Glengariff, the most striking and characteristic, I am far from depreciating its coast scenery. The view of Mr. White's castellated mansion and demesne from the water, is very imposing. The architecture of the house, which corresponds with its situation, is an admirable keeping with the mountains in the back ground. The demesne is laid out in very good taste, exhibiting no violent triumph of art over nature; but that inimitable carelessness,—that touching simplicity, which shews that she has not been subdued and conquered, but gently wooed and won. From a wooded steep on the old Berehaven road, to the north of Cromwell's bridge, you may command the most comprehensive view that is afforded by any spot in the neighbourhood of the Glen.

On the left you have the entire woodland sweep of Glengariff, stretching far to the south and east, and clothing many a hill in its imposing verdure, but disclosing most agreeable vistas, through which the mountain streams may be seen wildly rushing and sparkling in their course; to the west, you have the lofty mountains of Berehaven, with their graceful outline terminated by the "waste of waters wild," whilst Lord Bantry's demesne lies to the south in dim perspective. The sunset over Goul and Hungry, the most prominent in the western chain of mountains, as seen from Glengariff, or any of the heights in the neighbourhood of Bantry, is particularly grand. The waterfall which takes a leap of some hundred feet from the crest of the former, can sometimes be plainly distinguished at a distance of twenty miles, with its illuminated iris. The white mists with which its brows are frequently wreathed, give this mountain a peculiarly soft and graceful character. On a few occasions it has exhibited an aspect of transcendant glory, having its entire figure veiled in a transparent curtain of the rainbow tint. As you may suppose, the majority of the mountains in the neighbourhood of the Glen are crowned with lakes; no less than 365 of these alpine reservoirs, are to be found on the summit of one of them.

NOTE 2, page 41, line 18.

"It is the sad Ululla's swell."

Though Byron has Wulwulla and Campbell Ollolla, I have not hesitated to use the word, as no one has a better claim to it than an Irishman.

NOTE 3, page 41, line 21.

"Iaver-na-marc thy rugged shore."

Inver-na-marc, (the bay of ships) the old name for Bantry bay. Inver, (properly spelled, In-mar,) gives name to many places in Ireland; it signifies a creek or bay;—Inverary, Inverness, &c. in Scotland, have the same origin. This bay is so large and well sheltered, that all the ships in Europe might lie there in perfect security. In 1689 there was a partial engagement here between the English fleet under Admiral Herbert, and the French, commanded by Mons. Renault, in which the former had the worst of it, owing to a great part of the ships being unable to come into action.—See Wilson's Naval History. The division of the French fleet which came to anchor here in the winter of 1796, never attempted a landing.—A Bantry pilot who ventured on board one of their ships, and remained with them for a week, said that they spent the time in every species of amusement; their bands were continually playing, and they were often seen from the shore dancing on deck. It is remarkable that it was in Irish they conversed with this person. They questioned him about the state of the roads, which some of them appeared to know very well, and the disposition of the people. He was treated with the greatest kindness, and nothing but his having a family could have induced him to leave them. By his account which we have had lately verified in the Autobiography of Napper Tandy there was a great number of Irishmen in the expedition.

NOTE 4, page 42, lines 3 and 4.

"Or listened the deep copse among

"To hear the Spanish seaman's song."

This place was formerly much frequented by the Spaniards. It carried on a very extensive trade in pilchards with Spain, Portugal, and Italy; but for these last 70 or 80 years, not a pilchard has appeared on the coast. The following two instances, taken from Smith's History of Cork, prove what an inexhaustable source of wealth and comfort the Irish fisheries would be, if properly encouraged.

"In 1749, Mr. Richard Mead of Bantry, proved to the Dublin Society, that he had in that year caught and cured 380,800 fish of different kinds, six score to the hundred; and in the preceding year, Mr. James Young of the same place, caught and cured 482,500 herrings, and 231 barrels of sprats.

One year with another, fish is as plentiful on this coast as at the above period.

NOTE 5, page 42, line 18.

"Of Leim-a-tagart's mountaineer."

Leim-a-tagart, (the Priest's leap,) is a wild and dangerous mountain pass from Bantry into Kerry.—The people dwelling about this spot, have been from time immemorial, noted *creach-drivers*, or forayers; they go by the name of Glannies, or the Glen boys, and so unsubdued, even at this day, is the spirit of their ancestors in them, that rather than lead an inactive life, they make frequent descents upon a clan of lowlanders called Kohanes, or boys of the mist, not for the purpose of driving cattle, for that would not be quite so safe in these times; but for the mere pleasure of fighting, or to revenge some old affront. This gave rise to numerous conflicts until very lately, when the unwearied and persevering exertions of the Rev. Mr. Barry, Parish Priest of Bantry, effected what the law might attempt in vain; for these mountaineers, though not living exactly beyond the leap, come within the application of the proverbial saying, "beyond the Leap, beyond the Law."

NOTE 6, page 42, line 24.

"go climb that height,
Whose depth of shade yields scanty light,
Where the dark elders droop their head
O'er Ard-na-mrahar's countless dead."

Ard-na-mrahar, the brethrens, or monks' height, so called from an abbey which once stood there. The Hibernia Dominicana in its enumeration of the Monasteries of Friars Minors, thus speaks of it, "*Bantry in agro Corcagiensi, Canobium fundatum a Dermito O'Sullivan, circa A, 1460.*"

NOTE 7, page 43, line 30.

"*All knew Ivera's chief.*"

Ivera—the barony of Bear. I-bera is the Irish word, the *b*, having the sound of *v*.—Smith thinks the place so called from the Iberi, a Spanish colony which settled originally in this quarter.

NOTE 8, page 49, line 1.

"*Carrigánassig ! from thy walls*

No longer now the warder calls."

The castle of Cariganass, situated upon the river Ouvane, (the fair river,) five miles from Bantry, was built by one of the O'Sullivans, who formerly possessed the entire of the country. It was a high structure with four round flanking towers and a square court. In Queen Elizabeth's time, it was obstinately defended against the English forces, by Daniel O'Sullivan, surnamed Comm. In the Pacata Hibernia, its surrender is thus related.

"Sir Charles (Wilmot) with the English regiments, over-ran all Beare and Bantry, destroying all they could find meet for the reliefe of men, so as the countrey was entirely wasted.—He sent also Captain Flemming with his pinnace, and certaine souldiers into O'Sullivan's Island ; he tooke there certaine boats, and an English barke, which O'Sullivan had gotten for his transportation into Spaine, when he should be enforced thereunto ;—they took also from thence, certaine cows and sheepe which were reserved there, as in a secure storehouse, and put the churles to the sword that inhabited therein. The warders of the castles of Ardea, and Carrickness, on the sixth of the same month, dispayring of their master, O'Sullivan's

returne, rendered both their castles and their lives to the Queene's mercy; so that although he should have *animum revertendi*, he had neither place of safetie whereunto he might retire, nor corn, nor cattle to feed himselfe, much less to uphold or renew any warre against the state."

William O'Sullivan, Esq. had an idea of restoring this noble edifice of his ancestors; but its ruinous state presented too many difficulties for the undertaking. The entire country around it was formerly very thickly wooded, and had plenty of red deer.

NOTE 9, page 51, line 4.

"*The heiress of Clan-Donal-Roe.*"

Clandonalroe is a small tract in Carbery once the property of the M'Carthy's.

NOTE 10, page 53, line 17.

"*I tore her from Finbarra's shrine.*"

The Lake of Gougaune Barra, *i. e.* the hollow or recess of Saint Finn Barr, in the rugged territory of Ibh-Laoghaire, (the O'Learys country,) in the west of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. It is rather of an irregular oblong form, running from N. E. to S. W. and may cover about twenty acres of ground. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island, of about half an acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side, (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged,) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains, whose dark inverted shadows are gloomily reflected in its waters beneath. The names of those mountains are *Dereen*, (the little oak wood,) where not a tree now remains; *Maolagh*, which signifies a country—a region—a map, perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; *Nad an' uillar*, the Eagle's Nest, and *Faoille na Gougaune* *i. e.* the cliffs of Gougaune, with its steep and frowning precipices, the home of an hundred echoes. Between the bases of

these mountains and the margin of the lake, runs a narrow strip of land, which at the N. E. affords a few patches for coarse meadow and tillage, which support the little hamlet of *Rossalucha*, i. e. the lake inch. Two or three houses at this place in some sort redeem the solitude of the scene.

"As we approached the causeway leading to the island," says a writer in the VIII. Number of BOLSTER'S Magazine, who describes this place with great minuteness, "we passed a small slated fishing lodge, beside it lay a skiff hawled up on the strand, and at a small distance, on a little green eminence, a few lowly mounds without stone or inscription, point out the simple burying place of the district; their number and the small extent of ground covered, give at a glance, the census and the condition of a thinly peopled mountain country; and yet, this unpretending spot is as effectually the burial place of human hopes, and feelings, and passions;—of feverish anxieties, of sorrows and agitations;—it affords as saddening a field for contemplation, as if it covered the space, and was decked out with all the cypresses, the willows, and the marbles of a *Pere la chaise*. It is a meet and fitting station for the penitentiary pilgrim, previous to his entry on his devotions within the island. Some broken walls mark the grave of a clergyman, of the name of O'Mahony, who in the beginning of last century, closed a life of religious seclusion here: considering how revered is still his memory amongst these mountains, the shameful state of neglect in which we found his grave astonished us. We sought in vain for the flag mentioned by Smith, in his History of Cork, from which he copied this inscription, "*Hoc sibi et successoribus suis in eadem vocatione monumentum imposuit Dominus Doctor Dionisius O'Mahony presbyter licet indignus*;" either it has been removed, or buried under the rubbish of the place.

"A rude artificial causeway led us into the holy island; at the entrance stands a square, narrow, stone enclosure, flagged overhead. This encloses a portion of the water of the lake, which finds admission beneath. In the busy season of the pattern, this Well is frequented by pressing crowds of men, women

and cows ; the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sore ; the barren and unprofitable ; the stout *boccaugh* of either gender, repair to its healing water, in the sure hope of *not* getting rid of those lamentable maims and afflictions of person, which form their best source of profit, and interest the charity of the peasantry.

“ We found the greater portion of the island covered by the ruins of the small chapel with its appurtenant cloisters, and a large square court containing eight cells arched over. This square faces the causeway, from which a passage leads, through an avenue of trees, to a terrace about five feet in height, to which we ascended by a few steps. In the middle of the court, on a little mound, with an ascent at each side of four stone steps, stands the shattered and time worn shaft of a wooden cross. The number of hair and hay tethers, halters, and spancels, tyed round it, prove that the cattle passed through the waters, have done so to their advantage. This court is beautifully shaded with trees. Each side contains two circular cells, ten feet deep and eight feet high, by four broad. In two of these we found some poor women at their devotions, preparing to pass the night in watching and penitence, for which purpose they had lighted up fires within them, and on enquiry we found that the practice was quite common.

“ The terrace leads by a few steps down to the chapel, which adjoins it at the north side. This little oratory together with the buildings belonging to it, are all in complete ruin ; they were built on the smallest scale, and with the rudest materials, solidity not appearing to have been at all looked to in the construction. They are evidently very ancient. How, in so remote and secluded a situation, the hand of the desecrator could have ever reached them. I cannot conceive ; but he has done his work well and pitilessly. Though here, we may reasonably presume, was none of the pride of the churchman, none of the world’s wealth, nothing to tempt rapacity : though in this retreat, sacred “ to ever musing melancholy,” dwelt none of the agitators of the land, yet the blind and reckless fury of the

fanatic found its way through the wild and rocky land that encloses it, and carried his polemical rancour into the hut of the hermit.

“The oratory runs east and west; the entrance is through a low arched door-way in the eastern wall; the interior is about thirty-six feet long, by fourteen broad, and the side walls but four feet high, so that when roofed it must have been extremely low, being at the highest, judging from the broken gables, about twelve feet, and then the entire lighted by the door and two small windows, one in each gable. The walls of the four small chambers adjoining are all of a similar height to those of the chapel. The entire extent is fifty-six feet in length, by thirty-six in breadth, one or two of these consist of extremely small cells, so that when we consider their height, extent, and the light they enjoyed, we may easily calculate that the life of the successive anchorites who inhabited them, was not one of much comfort or convenience, but much the reverse—of silence, gloom and mortification. Man elsewhere loves to contend with, and, if possible, emulate nature in the greatness and majesty of her works; but here, as if awed by the sublimity of surrounding objects, and ashamed of his own real littleness, the humble founder of this desecrated shrine constructed it on a scale peculiarly pigmy and diminutive.

“The buildings stand at the south-east side, and cover nearly half the island. The remainder, which is cloathed with the most beautiful verdure, is thickly shaded to the waters’ edge by tall ash trees. Two circular furrows at the north side of the cloisters, are pointed out as the sites of tents, pitched here during the *pattern* by the men of Bantry and their servants.

“In this island, the holy anchorite and Bishop, St. Fin Barr, who flourished, I conceive contrary to the opinion of Ware, early in the 6th century, wishing to lead a life of pious retirement, found a situation beyond all others most suitable to his desire: a retreat as impenetrable as the imagination could well conceive, and seemingly designed by nature for the abode of some sequestered anchorite, where, in undisturbed solitude,

he might pour out his soul in prayer, and hold converse "with nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled." St. Fin Barr, however, was reserved for purposes more useful to society, and for a scene where the example of his virtuous life might prove more extensively beneficial. He became the founder, not only of the Cathedral, but of the City of Cork, and laboured successively in the conversion of the people of the adjacent country. A long line of successive anchorites occupied his retreat at Gougaune, who, by their piety and virtues, rendered its name celebrated through the island, and a favourite pilgrimage and scene of devotion to the people. The last of these eremetical occupants was father Denis O'Mahony, whose grave on the main land I have before spoken of. The succession seems to have failed in him. He found this place a ruin, and the times in which he lived were not calculated for its re-edification; and a ruin has it since continued. A large tomb-stoned-shaped slab, which lies at the foot of a tree, contains, together with a short history of this hermitage, directions for the devotions of the penitent pilgrims; but Dr. Murphy, the Catholic Bishop of Cork, and his Clergy, have so thoroughly discountenanced the religious visitations to this place, that its solitude stands little chance of much future interruption.

"Old people remember with fond regret, the time when Gougaune was inaccessible to horses, and almost to man; when it was no small probationary exercise to pilgrim or palmer to overcome the difficulties of the way; when the shores of the lake, and even some portions of the surrounding mountains now naked and barren, were a continued forest, which lent its gloomy shade to deepen the natural solitude of the place.—Rossalucha had then no houses, and no clumsy white-washed fishing-hut destroyed the effect of the surrounding solitude and scenery; but man, with his improvements, has even approached this desolate spot, and familiarly squatted himself down beside its waters—cut down its woods, smoothed its road, and given an air of society to its solitude.

"The view from the summit of Derreen, the highest point of the mountain-enclosure of the lake, is beautifully magnifi-

cent. Though other mountains that I have seen, may boast a prospect of greater extent, yet it is reserved for Derreen to take in a reach of mountain and of flood, of crag and glen, as wildly diversified, as bold and as rugged, as any over which the lofty Reeks may look down from his royal eminence : it is a splendid panoramic picture, of the grandest dimensions and outline.

“ From the Faailte, on the preceding evening, we had obtained a view of the high outline of the Killarney mountains to the north-west ; but here, now, from our superior height, they arose before us in all their purple grandeur, visible almost from their basis, in one long and splendid range, from Clara to the lordly *Reekach*. To the South-west, appeared in the distant horizon, the trackless Atlantic, bounding the blue hilly shores of Ivera, and reaching inland the fine estuary of Bantry, chequered with “Islets fair,” spread its still waters to meet the long brown valley, which extends from the foot of Derreen, skirting Hungry hill and Glengariff to the right. Wheeda, or Whiddy island, appeared prominent in this calm and reposing picture, and near the head of the bay lay bright and sparkling, the small mountain lake of *Loch-a-derry-fadda* ; the Lough of the long oaken wood—but the wood was gone : cultivated gardens and brown pastures covered its site. Before us lay the infant Lee, a long winding silver thread, stealing through sterile glens, until, in the distance, it reached the lakes of Incha-geela, and spread itself along their rocky shores, brightening in the morning rays. Between the chain of lakes and the head of the Bay of Bantry, lay three dark disconnected and cone-shaped mountains ; *Sheha*, the farthest South, feeding at its base a blue lake, called *Luch an bhric dearig* : the loch of the red trout or charr ; the other two mountains are *Douchil*, i. e. dark wooded, and *Doush*, a name which also occurs amongst the mountains of Wicklow. Beneath us, apparently at the mountain’s foot, we could observe for a considerable distance, a dark tortuous line, proceeding inwards from the course of the Lee, and resembling the irregular and fretted course of a small

mountain stream. This was the celebrated pass of *Kaoim-an-eigh*, i. e. the pass of Deer, through which a good road winds now to Bantry.

“We had heard so much of Kaim-an-eigh, that we were impatient to see it, and after having bade our long farewell to Derreen and Gougaune, we descended the steep side of the former. We had arrived on the verge of a cliff, and on looking down, beheld the road winding at a great distance below, at the bottom of a narrow strait, the deepest, the most abrupt and romantic imaginable. To get on this road we found a matter of difficulty, from the great general steepness and abruptness of its deep overhanging sides, and it was after considerable time and exertion, that we effected our descent from rock to crag, through thorn and tangled briar, grasping at times the long heath, and furze, and brambles, or holding the dwarfy branches of the underwood, which grew abundantly in the interstices.

“Nothing that ever I beheld in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can at all equal the gloomy pass in which we now found ourselves. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a fretted channel at one side for the waters, which, in the winter season, rush down from the high places above, and meeting here, find a passage to pay a first tribute to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination, would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which, at either side, arise up darkling to a great height; and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting; resolving and comparing realities, sometimes giving form and substance to “airy nothings.”

“The enthusiasm of my companions was unbounded as they slowly strided along, every faculty intent on the scene before them; their classic minds found ready associations every where—each crag and cliff renewed classical reminiscences, and “*infames scopuli*,”—“*Alla*” and “*Nemorosa*,” were flying

out between them without intermission. They found no difficulty in fancying themselves in Thermopylæ's far famed strait, and having decided on the resemblance, the location of the Polyandrium, or tomb of the mighty Leonidas, and his associate heroes—that grave: "whose dwellers shall be themes to verse for ever," was quickly settled; and so was the temple of Ceres Amphyctionis. The fountain, where the Persian horseman found the advanced guard of the Spartans occupied in combing their hair, was easily discovered in one of the placid pools of the trickling stream. The Phocian wall was also manifest; and to perfect the picture, they ascended again to the head of the pass, to catch another glimpse of the Mallic gulf, as they called the bay of Bantry. Time and space became annihilated before them; and a brace of thousands of years, were but as a day in their imagination. Their eager eyes sought out and found every where, monuments of the forgotten brave of Greece, and all the burial places of memory sent forth their phantoms of the olden demigods, to people the scene. I confess, I could not see things in the same light.—The place reminded me of nearer times—our own classic middle ages, and of a different people;—their *arches* were grey ruins, keeps, and dungeons to me;—I saw but "bristling walls," battlemented courts, turrets and embrazures, to which their perverted judgments gave other names:—

"While memory ran

"O'er many a year of guilt and strife,"

and Creaghadoir and Bonnoght, Kern and Gallowglass, Tory and Rapparee, passed before me, sweeping the encumbered pass, driving their prey of lordly cattle down the defile: and loudly in my mind's ear, rung the hostile shouts of the wild O'Sullivans and the O'Learys. Their fierce *hurras*, and *Far-raghs*, and *aboos*, mingling with the ringing of their swords, and their lusty strokes on helm and shield. It is with associations of spoil, adventure, and daring—of chasing the red deer, the wolf, or the boar,—with horn and hound,—that this place

is properly connected. To behold it with other eye than that of an Irish senachie, is a deed, less worthy assuredly,—than to drink, as my friend Falstaff says.

“ I think I may say, that at its entrance from the Gougaune side, this pass is seen with best effect ; there its high cliffs are steepest, and the topling crags assume their most picturesque forms and resemblances of piles and ancient ruins. These receive beauty and variety from the various mosses which encrust them, and the dwarf shrubs and underwood, ivy and creeping plants, which lend their mellow hues to soften and give effect to the whole. The Arbutus, a plant almost indigenous to Killarney and Glengariff, (into the first of which places it has been plausibly conjectured it had been brought from the Continent by the Monks who settled in the islands of its lakes,) is not even uncommon among the rocks of Kaoim-an-eigh. We behold itself and the ash, and other hardy plants and shrubs with wonder, growing at immense heights overhead, tufting crags inaccessible to the human foot, where we are astonished to think how they ever got there. The London pride grows here, and on the surrounding mountains, as well as amongst the ruins of Gougaune Barra, in most astonishing profusion. I have seen it in great abundance on Turk and Mangerton, near Killarney, but its plenty in the neighbourhood of the Lee, far exceeds all comparison.

“ A number of lesser defiles formed by many a headlong torrent, or shelving cascade, shoot inward from the pass in deep and gloomy hollows, as you wind along, which greatly increase the interest of the place ; and these forming at their entrance high round headlands, thickly covered with the most luxuriant cloathing of long flowering heath, have, at a distance, the appearance of rich overhanging woods. As we proceeded we found the channel of the stream which winds along with the road, blocked up in various places with vast fragments of rock, rent in some violent convulsion or tempest from the cliffs around ; or hurled downward in wild sport by the presiding genius of the scene. Trophied evidences of his giant energies,

long choaked up the now unincumbered defile, and told the history of his fierce pastime during the many ages that he continued its uninterrupted lord. But the road maker has successfully encroached upon his savage dominions, and crumbled his ponderous masses, and smoothed down the difficulties which he had accumulated. The present diminished number of these vast fragments remain, however, as a sufficient record of the rocky chaos which Smith spoke of eighty years ago, and which long remained the astonishment of successive travellers."

Dr. Smith's description of this place is far from being correct, and is too highly coloured; a person visiting the place after having read it, would feel a little disappointed, though it is in reality, as may be seen from the above extracts, one of the wildest and most romantic retreats that can well be imagined.

NOTE 11, page 57, line 24.

" 'Tis morning, and the purple light

" On Noc-na-ve gleams coldly bright."

Noc-na-ve (the hill of deer) is the name of the hill over the town of Bantry.

NOTE 12, page 58, line 2.

" And falls the sun with mellow streak

" On Sliav-na-goila's giant peak."

Sliav-na-goil (the mountain of the wild people) now Sugar-loaf-hill, appears, from its proximity and conical form, to be the highest of that chain of mountains which runs all along the western side of Bantry Bay, and divides the counties of Cork and Kerry.

NOTE 13, page 58, last line.

" Then wildly rushing down the shore,

" Was never seen or heard of more."

Donal Comm made his escape into Spain.

THE END.

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